The Columbian.

VOL 43. BLOOMSBURG, PA., THURSDAY FEBRUARY 25, 1909. NO 8.

WHEN YOU WANT TO

Open a Bank Account Have a Check Cashed
Borrow Money, or Make an Investment

CALL ON THE OLD RELIABLE

The Farmers National Bank

OF BLOOMSBURG

Capital, $60.000 Surplus $100,000

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3 Per Cent. Interest Paid on Time Deposits.

WHEELMEN'S BANQUET.

The fourth annual banquet of the Bloomsburg Wheelmen's Club was held at the Exchange Hotel on Monday night.

The dining room was appropriately decorated, and the tables were very attractively arranged. Excellent music was furnished by C. P. Elwell's orchestra.

The bill of fare prepared was a very appetizing one, and nearly an hour and a half was spent in gastronomic enjoyment. Then Rev. J. R. Murphy, acting as toast master opened the intellectual feast. He filled the position most acceptably, introducing the speakers with fitting remarks, all interspersed with an enjoyable humor.

Geo. M. Tustin Esq., President of the Club, was the first speaker, and his subject was "George Washiugton," F. J. Richard, President elect of the Town Council, responded to "Municipal Government," Prof. J. H. Dennis paid a fine tribute to "The Ladies," and Paul E. Wirt Esq., discoursed most entertainingly on "Bloomsburg in Retrospect". The program concluded with the toast. "Our Bachelor Members" to which Mr. R. G. Phillips, responded very acceptably.

The party broke up at 12:30 o'clock, and the unanimous verdict was that the fourth banquet was a decided success in every way.

The committee having the matter in charge was composed of John M. Clark, H. Mont Smith, C. R. Weiss, and W. E. Johnson, and they are to be congratulated upon the excellence of the arrangements throughout.

MR. MAGEE'S RECEPTION.

A delightful evening was spent in Recreation Hall last Saturday when James Magee 2nd entertained his assistants and employees of the Magee Carpet Mill, the Susquehanna Webbing Mill, and the Leader Store, at an annual reception.

This has been Mr. Magee's custom for some years past, and the event is always looked forward to with much pleasure. Over 560 people were present this year.

The program consisted of selections by Recreation Orchestra. moving pictures, dancing and other amusements.

A sumptuous supper was served in the dining hall, and the party broke up before 12 o'clock, all having had a most delightful evening.

CALLIPIAN REUNION.

The anunual reunion of the Callipian Society of the Normal School was held on Monday, Washington's Birthday having been the date of their yearly gatherings for many years.

From ten o'clock in the morning the handsomely trimmed gymnasium was a reception hall all day.

At eleven a. m. a meeting was held in Callie Hall, and a delightful program was rendered. Music was furnished by the school orchestra.

A concert was given in the Auditorium in the evening by an excellent company, consisting of a vocalist, pianist, and a reader. It was a fine entertainment, and a large audience was present.

NO CASH ROAD TAX FOR THEM.

Six township in the county voted on the question of cash or work road tax, on election day. All of them voted in favor of the work system.

MRS. MILDRED SMITH ON MOTHERHOOD.

In speaking of Mrs. Mildred Smith who has recently made several contributions to the *Pictorial Review* on the subject of "Motherhood," one of our local cotemporaries says that her husband, Dr. E. F. Smith of New York City, "is a grandson of the late Judge Elwell." This is not correct. Dr. Smith is a great nephew of Mrs. Judge Elwell.

Both Dr. and Mrs. Smith have contributed many valuable and interesting articles to various publications. The former is a recognized authority on medical questions, and Mrs. Smith when writing on "Motherhood" differs from many women who write on domestic affairs, because she is fully conversant with her subject, being the mother of a number of children, robust because of sanitary conditions and intelligent care, and trained to an admirable degree, so that what she says is from practical knowledge, and not merely theoretical.

Some of the writers on similar topics are maiden ladies who know nothing about children, just as some of the writers on the culinary end of the household never prepared a meal in their lives. Mrs. Smith is an expert in both lines. She is a daughter of the late Col Samuel Knorr, of Bloomsburg, and a graduate of Vassar College.

PICTURES PRESENTED.

Interesting exercises were held at the High School building on Monday afternoon. At that time portraits of Washington were presented by Washington Camp P. O. S. A. of Bloomsburg to each of the B. Grammer schools of the town. The presentation speech was made by the Hon. John G. Harman, in his usual pleasing manner, and the pictures were accepted by James H. Mercer on behalf of the directors and the schools.

A well prepared and entertaining program was fully carried out. The audience filled every available space in the room.

TOOLEY'S STORE.

The Tooley store will be moved into the first floor of the Opera House block, occupying all of that portion formerly used by Fowler's restaurant. A force of workmen is now engaged in tearing out the partitions, and making the necessary changes to transform it into an up-to date store room. Tooley has a fine store, and in its new location he intends to still further improve it.

Vestibule Trains.

The D. L. & W. railroad company is now running two vestibule trains on this division of its system. One of these is train No. 702 due to arrive at Bloomsburg at 7:31 a. m. and the other No. 703 due to arrive here at 4:12 p. m. Both of these trains are made up wholly of vestibule cars. In a short time each train will be made up of three cars instead or two cars as at present. The intention of the D. L. & W. company is to gradually replace all the passenger cars in use by vestibule cars.

Harold, youngest son of Mrs. J. L. Dillon, who has been ill with scarlet fever, is rapidly improving, and the quarantine will soon be lifted from the Dillon home where the family has been shut in for some time.

"Money begets money."
—Shakespeare.
As the magnetic pole attracts the compass' needle, so does money attract money, so does prosperity swing to the prosperous.
Moral: Make this Bank the pole of your financial operations.
We Want Your Business,
And Will Serve You Well.
3% INTEREST ON TIME DEPOSITS
Wm. H. HIDLAY, Cash'r, A. Z. SCHOCH, Pres'

THE BLOOMSBURG NATIONAL BANK
BLOOMSBURG PENN'A

KURTZ WINS OUT.

After a long drawn out fight former Associate Judge J. U. Kurtz has been appointed postmaster at Berwick, to suceed R. S. Bowman who has held the office for four terms, and has given Berwick most efficient service. Judge Kurtz will undoubtedly do the same.

Kurtz and Bowman represent different factions of the Republican party, between which there has been a long fight for the control of the organization. With the exception of one year the Brown-McKillip-Duy wing have held the reins for many years, and are now in the saddle, though Kurtz, who is the leader of the other faction, has just unhorsed Bowman, a faithful adherent of the "regulars".

NEWSPAPER CHANGES.

An advertisement is appearing in *The Republican* giving notice that application will be made for a charter for a corporation to be known as the Bloomsburg Publishing Company. The incorporators are O. B. Ammerman, J. C. Brown, C. W. Matthews, A. W. Duy, H. A. McKillip, C. E. Geyer and C. E. Kreisher.

This means that the *Republican* is to be held and controlled by the gentlemen who have been the regular Republican organization leaders for some years past.

SUNDAY CLOSING.

With the feeling that it is not the duty of the town clergymen to act as police officers in the matter of enforcing the Sunday closing laws, the Ministerium has decided to organize a Law and Order Society, so that the laymen can also participate in the movement.

In answer to inquiries made to several proprietors of the Sunday open shops, we have been told that no notice had been served on them by any officer, and they proposed to continue until such notice was given.

BOYS' RECREATION ROOM.

The Senior Class of the Normal School has decided to decorate and furnish the boys' recreation room as their class memorial, and a committee consisting of four Seniors and two members of the Faculty are at work on the details of the plan. It is proposed to have the room completed before commencement.

AGED MAN DIES.

William N. Piper, aged 78, died at his home near the Magee Carpet Mill on Monday. For the past four years he has been conducting a grocery on West Fifth street, near the Reading Depot. He is survived by his wife and nine sons, five of them residing in town. The funeral takes place this afternoon.

Justices Must File Acceptance.

All justices of the peace who were elected Tuesday must certify to Prothonotary Quick within 30 days their written acceptance of the office, and must also state whom they succeed or whether they have been reelected. Unless they do this their election will not be returned to the State Department and no commissions will be issued.

OLIVER T. WILSON.

This Thursday morning at three o'clock Oliver T. Wilson passed away, at his home on West Main street, after an illness extending over a period of many years.

He was a victim of tuberculosis, and had many times been seriously ill from it, but each time he rallied and was able to attend to business again. His last sickness confined him to his bed for several weeks past.

Mr. Wilson was for many years engaged as a salesman for a wholesale shoe house. He served several terms as a director of Bloom Poor District, and was a member of the board at the time of his death for the fourth term of three years.

He also served as a director of Bloom School District for nine years, and as a public official he was always faithful to his duties and to the interests of the public.

Mr. Wilson was born in this county on October 1st, 1834. When a boy he lived in Pottsville until he was 14 years old, and since then his life was mostly spent here. He clerked in J. A. Funston'e store at Jerseytown, and for a time in Waterman & Beaver's store in Danville. He learned the saddler's trade with J. K. Grotz.

He was the first man in Bloomsburg to start on the road as a traveling salesman, and that was forty-one years ago, when he engaged with M. G. Piper & Co., of Philadelphia, wholesale shoe dealers. He had been in the employ of Bell, Walt & Co., of Philadelphia, for the past twelve years, in the same line. That he was a good salesman is evidenced by the fact that his services were so long retained by the houses which he represented.

He was twice married, his first wife being a daughter of the late B. F. Hartman. The following children of that union survive him: Frank H., Harry, Charles P. Wilson, and Mrs. J. D. White, all of Bloomsburg. His second marriage was with Miss Emma Appleman of town, who also survives.

A son, Arthur, was killed some years ago, by being caught in machinery at the Red Mill. Two sisters, Mrs. Elizabeth Sweppenheiser, and Miss Jennie Wilson, reside in Philadelphia.

The funeral will be held on Saturday afternoon at two o'clock, at the house, and will be conducted by Rev. J. W. Diggles, Rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, of which the deceased was a member.

COUNTY LIABILITIES.

As found by the County Auditors who have finished the work of examining the accounts of the commissioners and treasurer, the liabilities of the county are $219,447.63 which is composed of bonds outstanding $209,700, Road damages $60; costs on commonwealth cases, $400; state tax on loans, $96.14; current bills outstanding, $9,191.49.

Resources of the county are $28,074.11 as follows: Due from Luzerne county, $92.74; due from Conyngham and Centralia poor district, $1556.69; due from Northumberland county, $15.53; due from state for forest fires, $213.25; due from collectors, less exonerations, $26,007.69; due from state for scalps, $188.51.

The excess of liabilities over recources is $191,373.52.

Of the $209,700 outstanding county bonds only $26,800 are due this year.

Bring Her With You!

WOMEN know better than men what is good quality in Cloth. They know a pure wool fabric when they see it, and they have good taste too in the selection of fabric, design and color. That is why we like you to Bring Her With You when you want to buy a new suit or overcoat. Ask for the International genuine all wool line, and put the question of worth to her. International quality can stand the severest test—aye—the test even of a bargain-hunting lady.

BRING HER WITH YOU.

A large and choice selection of woolens to choose from. You can have any style cuff on the sleeve, any style pocket in the coat, and any style trouser you may want Prices range from $12.00 for a Business Suit to $40.00 for a Dress Suit. Every piece of cloth used guaranteed all wool.

Come in, Look Over This Line

TOWNSEND'S CORNER

CLOTHING STORE,

BLOOMSBURG, PA.

FOR TOM'S SAKE

A Tree Which Bore Good Fruit

By OTHO B. SENGA

[Copyright, 1904, by Otho B. Senga.]

ALMOST wonderful and gorgeous Christmas tree stood in the window of the great store of Warden & Joyce. All day a constantly changing throng of small admirers exclaimed at its magnificence and registered extravagant wishes before it.

Children richly clad and full of joyous anticipations, children in comfortless rags, who knew Christmas only by the sight of the happiness of others, stood side by side and gazed with longing eyes at the bewildering array of costly gifts and brilliant decorations.

A small girl of twelve or fourteen, with face unnaturally old and sharp, unsmiling eyes, critically examined the tree in silence. Up and down, from side to side, her keen gaze wandered.

"I bet it's empty at the back," she finally muttered.

Poor child! Her brief experience had already taught her the unreality and falsity of many glittering things. She stepped quickly into the vestibule where she could see that part of the tree away from the window. A sudden joy flashed into her face.

"It's true—that tree is true," she whispered eagerly. "The back is as good as the front."

She hesitated an instant and then raised her clasped hands beseechingly.

"God," she cried, "send me a tree for Tommy!"

Her intense longing made her voice sharply imperative, and the first word struck harshly on the ear of a richly dressed young lady who was passing close to her.

"You mustn't swear, child!" she exclaimed hurriedly.

"I wasn't swearing," the girl answered calmly, without resentment. "I was praying for a tree for Tommy."

An elegant carriage waited at the curb, and as the young lady stepped to

MISS STANHOPE GAVE ONE LOOK AT THE TALL MAN.

the sidewalk the footman threw open the door. She stood for an instant, as if thinking, and then, turning quickly, she went back into the vestibule, where the child was still standing.

"Will you come with me a minute? Out of the crowd," she added hastily as the girl faced her with surprised eyes and an unchildlike, repelling look on her thin face.

"Will you step into the carriage? Please do. I want you to tell me something, and it is so very cold"—

The girl seated herself on the luxurious cushions, the young lady followed, and the inwardly disgusted footman closed the door.

"Will you tell me your name and where you live?" the lady questioned gently.

The child regarded her earnestly.

"Depends on who you are and what you want. You ain't a charity worker nor a slum visitor?"

The young lady smiled understandingly.

"My name is Margaret Stanhope, and I live on Commonwealth avenue. You—you spoke of Tommy."

The girl's face softened.

"Yes; he's my brother. My name is Maggie Taylor, and I live on Burnham street," adding with a return of her former manner, "but it ain't a slum street, and I don't want no charity."

Miss Stanhope smiled radiantly.

"But I do, Maggie. I am so glad our names are the same. I need just what you do not—charity. Tell me something about Tommy." She lingered lovingly over the name. "Why did you pray for a tree for him?"

"Because he's sick. He's only twelve, and he works in an office, and his boss is away, and Tommy took sick after he'd gone. Tommy feels sure that if he was here he'd send his wages to him just the same, for he's a good boss and awfully kind to everybody, but the other man—his pardner—is different."

"Maggie," said Miss Stanhope earnestly, "I wish you'd help me to have a happy Christmas. I am all alone in the world, without any one to care for me, and I want to do something for some one—for some one named Tommy, because—because six months ago I did a wrong and cruel thing to some one by that name. It would help make my Christmas happy if you would let me arrange a tree for your Tommy. Will you?"

The girl drew a long breath.

"It ain't charity?" she asked doubtfully.

"Not to you nor to Tommy," answered Miss Stanhope joyously, "but it will be to me."

"For Tommy's sake," murmured the girl assentingly.

"For Tom's sake," echoed Miss Stanhope tenderly.

The unbending footman was still more disgusted when he was directed to make another round of the stores, and his bearing was absolutely frigid when he was required to carry a most unbecoming load of bundles up the stairs to the little home on Burnham street. That the indignity of a good sized tree was laid upon him also required the concentration of all his thoughts upon the generous wages Miss Stanhope paid to enable him to endure the present situation.

"I keep house for father and Tommy," whispered Maggie, leading the way. "Tommy's in the kitchen. I left him there in the big chair 'cause it's warmer. We'll take all these things in here"—opening the door of a neat sitting room—"and when we get the tree fixed I'll push him in in the chair."

Surely never before was a tree so quickly made to blossom and bring forth fruit, and it was a "true" tree, with gifts on every side.

Maggie surveyed it with joyful pride, her thin face losing its careworn look and becoming almost childlike with the flush of happy excitement.

"Miss Stanhope," she whispered positively, "prayers are answered—I know it now."

Always, in the way he thinks best," answered Miss Stanhope earnestly, adding in her heart, "Lord, I believe—help thou mine unbelief!"

"I'll bring Tommy in now," Maggie said, and went softly out to the kitchen.

She returned almost immediately.

"His boss is there!" she exclaimed excitedly. "He got back yesterday. Ain't he awfully good to come so soon to see Tommy? Tommy looks better already! The boss 'll push him in."

They both turned toward the door as it was opened, and a big armchair with the sick boy in it was pushed carefully over the threshold.

Miss Stanhope gave one look at the tall man behind the chair and started forward.

"This is Tommy's boss," began Maggie, mindful of her duties as hostess, but the greeting of her two guests quite disconcerted her, for Tommy's boss caught the aristocratic Miss Stanhope in a close embrace, while Miss Stanhope cried penitently, "Oh, Tom, Tom, I have been so sorry, and I have wanted you so!"

The Origin of Santa Claus.

Santa Claus is of German origin. This is true if only because that is the German name for St. Nicholas. That he is an old man is because in the ancient pagan feasts in celebration of the decay of the old year and the birth of the new an old man played the principal part. Among the Greeks and Romans it was Saturn, the father of all the gods, and among the Norsemen it was Thor, who was long bearded and white haired. That the saint is St. Nicholas is due to the fact that that venerable personage's feast day was celebrated at about that period. St. Nicholas was a bishop of Myra, who flourished early in the fourth century. He is the patron saint of children and schoolboys, and hence it was natural that he should be a part of a celebration when the children received gifts and when they were allowed to be "heard as well as seen."—New York Mail and Express.

Christmas In Rome.

A characteristic sight which precedes a Roman Christmas is the so called cottio, or sale of fish by auction, which is held at San Teodoro, near the forum, in the small hours of the morning, and every year attracts large crowds of buyers and sightseers. It is a sight worth seeing, the vast circular market literally packed with row upon row of baskets, in which the scaly fry are carefully arranged, the light glancing off their many colored scales in a thousand prismatic reflections, while the owner of each stall shouts at the top of his voice and the merry crowd goes round laughing and bargaining and trying to cheapen the fish, for at Christmastide it often reaches fabulous prices, and one is reminded of the extravagance of the ancient Romans, one of whom is said to have paid 20,000 sesterces for a single gray mullet.—London Mail.

Going Too Far.

At a school exhibition a juvenile elocutionist got up to recite the first piece of his life. He was ambitious. He wished to make a great success of his piece, and he had been told by his teacher that the secret of elocution was the gesture—for every phrase its fitting gesture. The opening line of the boy's selection was, "The comet lifts its tail of fire." The overzealous boy, to fit its proper gesture to this line, lifted up the tail of his coat and held it out in a horizontal position.

Inconsistent.

Brown—It's curious about people's beliefs. They will give entire credence to the most absurd things and put no faith whatever in the most obvious truths. Black—Yes, I've noticed it. There's Greene, now. He hasn't the least confidence in hash, but he'll eat all the croquettes and mince pie you can set before him.—Exchange.

Poor Excuse.

"Before we were married you said you'd lay down your life for me," she sobbed.

"I know it," he returned solemnly, "but this confounded flat is so tiny there's no place to lay anything down."—Harper's Bazar.

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

The things that a man is going to do are signs that speak very fluently of the work he isn't doing now.

A good resolution is a mighty good thing to have—if you have a good man to introduce it and sufficient influence to get it passed.

Some men never flirt at all—unless there is a beautiful woman handy.

It may be silly to be suspicious; but, then, sometimes it is safe to be silly.

Next to being able to deliver the goods ranks in ordinary competitive life the ability to keep the other fellow from making delivery.

You may retire an old horse after long service without its costing much, but it is another thing to retire an automobile.

Notice that most of the men who are standing pat have comfortable seats.

There are people who will take anything, and if nothing more substantial is lying about they are sure to take offense.

People who are always trying to look the part sometimes get so busy about it that they forget it.

You never know a man until you have started him talking upon the subject of his pet enemy.

Beauty gushes out of poetry in great globs when you see the author, lacking a shave, stowing away corned beef and cabbage.

If there is a difference between a good thing and an easy mark it takes his wife to point it out.

Every tainted dollar knows where to get an immunity bath and how to become respectable.

A good deal of nerve is to be chosen rather than great riches.

Realistic.

"They say she has a wonderful voice."

"It is marvelous."

"You have heard her, then?"

"Oh, yes!"

"How does it affect you?"

"When she sings in high C you instinctively look around for a life preserver."

Unusual.

"You had a talk with the candidate?"

"Yes."

"What did you think of him?"

"He is a great man. He impressed me as being even smarter than his private secretary."

Doubtful.

"Think the people of Cuba are capable of self government?"

"Just as much as we are."

"Come, now. There is no occasion for such gratuitous insinuations as that on a people who have never done you any harm."

Earthly Star.

He wanted to hitch his cart to a star,
But he poured some liquor down his throat,
And then he exceeded his hopes by far,
But the star was on a policeman's coat.

No Terminal Facilities.

"What is all that noise in the other room?"

"Jane at the piano."

"I thought they couldn't get her to sing?"

"They couldn't without coaxing and begging for half an hour. Now they cannot get her to stop without using force."

Satisfactory.

"Is your young man to call tonight, daughter?"

"He said he might drop around."

"I looked up his commercial rating today."

"How was it?"

"Well, I gave James orders to chain the bulldog."

Brain Rest.

"He never goes with a girl but once."

"I didn't suppose he was fickle as all that."

"It isn't that. He has a reason."

"What is it?"

"He has only one line of talk."

Shiftless.

"Say, Bill."

"What?"

"Dad has gone to work."

"Break the news gently to mother. You know she has a weak heart."

Husbands to Burn.

The elderly spinster in the rear of the drawing room car had no more than settled in her seat when her attention was attracted to a woman a little farther front who was garbed in the deepest mourning. As Miss Spinster adjusted her nose grabber glasses for a better inspection of the one in widow's weeds she saw the conductor lean over and converse with her earnestly for several minutes.

When the conductor got back to her seat taking the passenger's tickets Miss Spinster was consumed with curiosity about the woman in mourning.

"Conductor," she asked in her sweetest tones, "what's the trouble with the lady up there in widow's weeds?"

"Oh, that's Mrs. Gettem!" replied the obliging conductor. "She's just taking her third husband out to a crematory."

"Oh, how dreadful!" exclaimed Miss Spinster. And then in a faraway voice she added:

"And just think of it! Here I am past fifty and never had a husband in my life, while that woman up there has them to burn!"—New York Times.

Strong Monosyllables.

Instructors in the art of literary composition usually condemn a string of monosyllables, but in the well known hymn "Lead, Kindly Light," written by a master of the English language, you may count thirty consecutive words of one syllable only. They offend neither the eye nor the ear.

Milton often uses a series of monosyllables. In the second book of "Paradise Lost" we have:

The fiend
O'er bog or steep, through strait, rough, dense or rare,
With head, hands, wings or feet pursues his way
And swims or sinks or wades or creeps or flies.

Such lines are not uncommon in the book:

Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens and shades of death.

And again:

Of neither sea nor shore nor air nor fire.

—London Notes and Queries.

Courtship in Ireland.

An Irish boy marries when he has a rid house and an Irish girl just when she pleases. Sometimes she so pleases while yet her years are few; at other times she is content to wait upon wisdom. In the latter case, of course, she makes a wise choice, but in the former almost always a lucky one, for luck is the guardian angel of the Irish.

"You're too young to marry yet, Mary," the mother said when Mary pleaded that she should grant Laurence O'Mahony a particular boon.

"If you only have patience, mother, I'll cure meself of that fault," was Mary's reply.

"And she's never been used to work, Laurence," the mother said to the suitor discouragingly.

"If you only have patience, ma'am," was Laurence's reply to this, "I'll cure her of that fault." And he did too.—Seumas MacManus in Lippincott's.

The Nervous Mother.

An Atchison woman who is very nervous and inclined to worry is the mother of a boy. She recently read of a boy who was killed while roller skating and immediately put her son's roller skates in the fire. Another newspaper told of a boy who was killed riding the street cars, and as boys are frequently killed while walking by street cars running over them she chained her boy to the front door. Then she read of a boy who died of blood poisoning caused by his shoe rubbing his heel, and her boy's shoes and stockings came off. The story of a boy who bit off a button on his waist and choked to death resulted in her taking off her boy's clothes. He had left only a flannel shirt, and she is reading now that wearing flannel shirts is the cause of great mortality and is thinking of removing that.—Atchison Globe.

The Bloom on the Egg.

"I know these eggs at least are fresh," said the young housewife. "As I took them from the basket a white bloom, like the down of a peach, came off on my hands."

Her husband, a food expert, gave a sneering laugh.

"In that case," he said, "I'll forego my usual morning omelette. That bloom, my dear, proves your eggs to be a year or so old—maybe four or five years old.

"The bloom, as you so poetically call it, is lime dust. It shows that the eggs are pickled. Lime dust, which rubs off like flour, is the surest test we have for pickled eggs—a not unwholesome article, but not to be compared with the new laid sort."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Riddle.

Here is a strange riddle which we have never met before. It is sent us by a friend from Jhansi, India:

Divide 150 by 0. Add two-thirds of 10. So ends the riddle.

Here is the answer: CoLENSO.

C—100.

L—50.

EN—two-thirds of TEN.

SO—ends the riddle.—London Scraps.

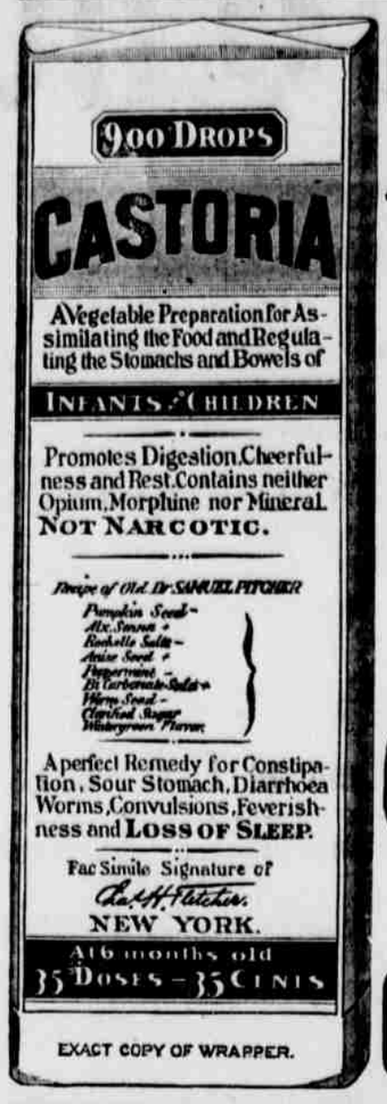
Changeable Names.

Tom—Belle is a strange girl. She doesn't know the names of some of her best friends. Maud—That's nothing. Why, I don't even know what my own will be a year from now.—Boston Transcript.

The Process.

"You are a pretty sharp boy, Tommy."

"Well, I ought to be. Pa takes me out in the wood shed and straps me three or four times a week."—Harper's Weekly.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CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

The great and growing popularity of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is due both to its scientific compounding and to the actual medicinal value of its ingredients. The publication of the names of the ingredients on the wrapper of every bottle sold, gives full assurance of its non-alcoholic character and removes all objection to the use of an unknown or secret remedy. It is not a patent medicine nor a secret one either. This fact puts it in a class by itself, bearing as it does upon every bottle wrapper The Badge of Honesty, in the full list of its ingredients Many years of active practice convinced Dr. Pierce of the value of many native roots as medicinal agents and he went to great expense, both in time and in money, to perfect his own peculiar processes for rendering them both efficient and safe for tonic, alterative and rebuilding agents.

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Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the original little liver pills, first put up 40 years ago. They regulate and invigorate, stomach, liver and bowels. Much imitated but never equalled. Sugar-coated and easy to take as candy. One to three a dose.

The kleptomaniac isn't the only person who takes things for granted.

NOT ON THE MENU.

By W. B. Keller.

Travers sat alone at a little table in a corner of the cafe. The continued hum and murmur of low-pitched voices, all the interminable sounds of the restaurant surrounded him, but he sat quite still, with his chin resting in his hands, staring at the empty chair opposite to him. The sight of pretty women, well-groomed men, all the bright, lively scene around him did not entice him from his reverie even for a moment. At last Travers nervously drained the cup to the last drop, and then, wearily passing his hand across his forehead, he assumed his former attitude. Dreamily he fixed his eyes on the chair, and then began talking in a sort of breathless whisper, as if to some one seated therein:

"Nannie, Nannie it's so good to see you again. Let's see, it's been three years, almost, since that last time when—but we won't think of that now, we'll just be happy. Tell me, is your life happy, is he good to you? If he isn't—Oh, if I had only cared less what people might say, if I could have forgotten my miserable pride, we'd run off some place and been married in spite of your uncle and his money, wouldn't we? Yes, I know."

After a time, Travers knew not how long, he pulled himself together and looked up. He glanced at what had been the empty chair, rubbed his eyes and looked again. A girl, in a light opera cloak smiled across at him.

"Yes, Bobbie, Im real." Then, anxiously, as he continued rigidly staring at her, "Bobbie, don't you know me?"

Travers had become very pale. He sat,tensely grasping the arms of his chair, mutely drinking in the picture before him.

He half rose out of his chair and, crushing both her hands in his, raised them almost to his lips, then realizing that many curious glances were being cast in their direction, he released her and sank back.

"Do you know, I—" he began, hesitatingly.

"Yes?" she murmured, leaning forward, her eyes never leaving his face, "you were saying?"

"Do you know, I was just thinking of you—wondering where you were, what you were doing, whether—you were happy or not; tell me, you are happy with him, are you not?"

"With him! With whom?"

"Why, your—husband."

"My husband! I have no—why, Bobbie, I'm not married!"

"Your're — not — married! But Saunders, what about Saunders? You know, after I left I thought you would—"

"Yes, yes, I know you thought, you thought — oh, Bobbie, you thought too much—you had no right to think that I would marry him. You thought you would go away and let me enjoy my uncle's bounty, but you had no right to think that I wanted—"

"But Nan, I did it for the best, don't you see?"

She stopped and drew back, crimsoning, the tears creeping into her voice and her eyes.

It was now Travers' turn to lean forward. Tremblingly he reached into his breast and pulled forth a tiny lace handkerchief, crumpled and dark with pocket grime. Unfolding it, he spread it out before her.

"Why, that's mine," she quavered. "It's the one you stole from me at the Martin dance and then wouldn't give back."

"Yes, that's it. And I've kept it with me ever since—always. But—" a thought striking him. "Your mother?"

At this she seemed suddenly to remember her position. Stifling a sob she caught at her cloak, and, hastily rising, looked across the room. Travers reached over and gently pushed her down.

"You're not going just yet," he said, quietly, "not for all the mothers in the world."

"I don't know why I came over here, Bobbie," she murmured, nervously twisting the handkerchief around her finger. "Mr. Saunders took me to a table over there and then went out to look for mother, who was coming behind with Mr. Burdick; and when I looked around and saw you I was so glad I didn't even stop to think, but just—"

"Saunders!" he interrupted roughly, "I thought—"

"Yes," she said hurriedly, "he never seems to give up. It's impossible to make him understand that we can only be friends, and mother won't understand." Closing her eyes wearily. "Between them both I almost go crazy sometimes."

"Hang Saunders and his whole crowd," he choked out, grasping her hands and kissing them again and again, this time utterly oblivious to his surroundings. "I lost you once, three years ago, Nan Weatherby, but, by heaven, I'm not going to lose you now! Listen to me—"

"Oh, Bobbie," she gasped, "everybody's looking at us!"

"Never mind that," he smiled, still holding her. "The Reverend Charles McCracken lives just around the corner from here, and he is a good friend of mine. Shall we call on him?"

"You said once my eyes told you I would go anywhere with you," she said, looking up at him; "what do they tell you now?"

And from the size of the tip which Travers shoved into the hands of the astonished waiter, we may safely conclude that the light in Miss Nan Weatherby's eyes illumined a pretty straight road tothe abode af the Rev. Charles McCracken.

TWINKLES.

Cut glass—Glaziers.

A cold shake-Milk punch.

Egg plants—Chicken farms.

Game leg—The rabbit's foot.

The gambling club usually has a vice president.

Even the mosquito is sometimes jealous of a doctor's bill.

The greater the numbers of ears on the stalk the smaller the corn.

You can never tell what a thing is worth by the price of it.

The roll call is not always answered at the boarding-house table.

A mountain of hope can be built on an inch of ground.

The eggs at your boarding house are always fresh laid—but when.

It is the beggar who makes the most touching appeal.

If you want people to pray for you don't pose as an angel.

Great minds run in the same channel and often meet on the same bar.

When a woman talks a great deal of the sins of man, it is a sign her husband does not behave himself.

Bills—"Smith doesn't have much luck at fishing, does he?"
Wills—"No, he stutters."

When two women start to outdo each other somebody's husband is going broke.

You can get good results from a drum only by giving it a sound beating.

A man kisses a girl fifty times a week during the courtship, and fifty times a year after marriage.

Bobbs—"Do you think that time is money?"
Dobbs—"Yes, when you are spending your time at the seashore."

Boyce—"What makes you say that man is a fortune-teller?"
Joyce—"He pays out the money at the bank."

The man who goes to church to pick flaws in the sermon would be just as near heaven fishing in a millpond.

If a man caught a fish every time that he got a bite there wouldn't be any excitement in the sport.

If the hands of a clock didn't know what each other were doing you could never tell the time of day.

Franklin—"That old farmer doesn't burn his money, does he?'
Penn—"No, he doesn't believe in cremation, he buries it."

Adele—"What is meant by a fly ball?"
Estelle—"I don't know; a high ball I guess."

No matter what mountains you climb you will always see a higher one that you want to get on.

Fisherman—"Young man, where is the best place to dig for fishbait'around here?"
Small boy—"Down in your pockets."

Mrs. Joyce—"Is your husband even tempered?"
Mrs. Boyce—"Well, he is mad all the time."

Fond Papa—"Young man, do you think that you can hupport my daughter?"
Young man—"I don't know; do you play poker?"

Bennings—"That man is always talking through his hat."
Jennings—"Who is he?"
Bennings—"Smith, the hat manufacturer."

Mrs. James—"What made you have a spiral stairway put in?"
Mrs. Franks—"I wanted something that would fit the pace of my husband when he comes home at night."

Bennings—"Wonder why Boyle prefers going to the mountains on his vacation?"
Jennings—"Consistency, my boy; he can't do anything without going up in the air.'

It is no trouble to take the bitter with the sweet if you keep the bitter sugar-coated.

Bills—"What is a fair price for dogs?"
Wills—"About 10 cents a pound."

"All the water we use here is boiled," said the boarding house landlady.

"Ah," said the heartless wretch, as he poured his tea. "You must have scorched this."—Indianapolis Star.

Baggs—"Do you think that man Smith will ever reach the height of his ambition?"
Waggs—"I don't know; he is building an airship."

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Watkins' Little Investment

By S. E. Kiser.

By practicing self-denial for several years he managed to save up $300. While doing this he became a student of finance. Every morning he would read the financial quotations. The long lines of initials and the columns of figures that at first were meaningless soon became as an open book to him. He could remember what C. J. and F. closed at a week ago last Tuesday, and if R., A and W. went up a point he know just how much more it would have to advance before reaching the mark which some wise men had set for it.

Now, this man, whose name, by the way, was Watkins, had a sort of a head for figures, and one evening after he had been thinking for a long time about Miriam Ives—a neat figure she was—he did some figuring on F., L. and B. common.

"Supposing," he said to himself, "that I bought about $300 worth of it at 15 and sold it at 30. That would increase my working capital to $600. Then on the next slump I could invest my $600 and sell out for $1,200.

It was a simple proposition. All he had to do was to be a little patient. After the third turnover he would have $2,400; the fourth would see him $4,800 to the good.

Before he got up to the fifteenth year of his career as a buyer and seller of F., L. and B. common his head began to be dizzy, and, putting his pencil in his pocket, he went out to ask Miriam if she would be his wife.

He kissed her a few times and told her candidly what was going to happen.

"Archibald," she whispered, "I don't care for all these terrible riches. Wealth is an awful responsibility. Let's keep your $300 and furnish a nice flat with it."

But he convinced her before he left that it would be almost criminal if he neglected to take advantage of the opportunity which was opening before him and he continued to watch the financial page.

On the 15th of July F., L. and B. common was quoted at 17. Then A. Watson transferred $300 of his money from the savings department of the bank and opened up a checking account against it. At the same time he gave a certain broker an open order to buy twenty shares of F., L. and B. common at 15. A week later he had a dizzy spell when he saw the stock quoted at the figure he had named. Later in the day he was informed by Bloodgood, Ketchum & Co., that they had bought for his account twenty shares of F., L. and B. common.

A week later F., L. and B. common was quoted at 11, and there were rumors of a reorganization which might result in the wiping out of the common stock altogether. Archibald Watkins began to have sinking spells, and he fell into the habit of breaking engagements with Miriam. Two or three times he decided to sell out and save what he could of his hard-earned money, but he put it off from day to day, hoping there might be a reaction. By the middle of August the stock was quoted at 6½, and the young man who had figured out profits of about $8,000,000 for himself in fifteen years was convinced that the broker who had referred to F., L. and B. common as "a nice old lady" had been mistaken.

He quarreled with Miriam because she thought he was foolish for not saving what little he could from the wreck.

"Think how much more sensible it would have been," she answered, "if you had taken my advice and kept the money to furnish the flat."

That made him angry. It was the kind of talk he had always heard from his mother when she was alive. It had always been, "Archibald, if you had only listened to me!"

So he rushed away from Miriam, bitterly saying:

"When I get $30 a share for my stock I'll come back."

On the following day it went down with a sickening "plop" to 8¼, at which figure Archibald Watkins sold out. Deducting the commissions there was left for him about $40 out of the $800 which he had paid as his tuition fee.

The next morning he noticed that the reaction had begun, and in four weeks F., L. and B. common was selling round 25. When it touched 30 again A. Watkins sat and studied the figures long and earnestly. Also he reread a note which he had received that morning from Miriam Ives.

"Dearest Archibald (she wrote), I see now that you really did know what you were talking about. Forgive me for the doubts I expressed concerning your wisdom. Be sure to come this evening. I am so anxious to tell you how much I admire you for your courage and for your shrewdness. I have just heard of the dearest flat. And I am dying to congratulate you on your—or may I, dear, say 'our'—success? Yours impatiently,

"Miriam."

"Well," he said at last, pulling a long sigh and letting the note drop from his fingers, "I'm a goat if I'd have believed before it happened that they'd go to so much trouble to get the money I put into it.'

Stomach Blood and Liver Troubles

Much sickness starts with weak stomach, and consequent poor, impoverished blood. Nervous and pale people lack good, rich, red blood. Their stomachs need invigorating for, after all, a man can be no stronger than his stomach.

A remedy that makes the stomach strong and the liver active, makes rich red blood and overcomes and drives out disease-producing bacteria and cures a whole multitude of diseases.

Get rid of your Stomach Weakness and Liver Laziness by taking a course of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery —the great Stomach Restorative, Liver Invigorator and Blood Cleanser.

You can't afford to accept any medicine of *unknown composition* as a substitute for "Golden Medical Discovery," which is a medicine of KNOWN COMPOSITION, having a complete list of ingredients in plain English on its bottle-wrapper, same being attested as correct under oath.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

VOLCANOES IN MARYLAND.

Prove to Be the Oldest Rock Formation in the United States.

Prof. Philip R. Uhler gives an account of a discovery which he made in the western Maryland mountains, says the Baltimore American. Three peaks, the principal one named Buzzard's Knob, crown a plateau about six miles from the city. It was for Prof. Uhler to discover that the three prominences are in fact volcanoes, and that they are the very oldest type of volcanic rock that is found in the United States.

These peaks are of a different form from volcanoes like Vesuvius. In the latter form of volcano molten lava and stones are forced up by superheated steam, leaving a deep hole, but in these craters in western Maryland the whole mountain was originally in a molten condition and the top crust was forced upward in a dome-shaped form, and such lava as did escape was forced out in vents at various places. The volcanic rock of the region is metal-bearing, and speciments of gray, green and gold copper were found by Dr. Uhler. The domes of the craters were somewhat elliptical in shape.

In Mountain Climbing.

The highest point at which climbers have stayed for any length of time is 20,992 feet, on the Himalayas, where an exploring party painfully stayed for six weeks in 1902. Higher still, at 21,910 feet, is the extreme point of Mrs. Bullock Workman's ascents, the greatest height reached by a woman. Mr. Bullock Workman kept on to a point 23,393 feet high, which is the greatest height reached by any mountain climber. The altitudes reached by Mr. and Mrs. Bullock Workman were above those at which M. Berson, the aeronaut, began his artificial inhalation of oxygen. At 26,240 feet the aeronauts in general begin the continued inspiration of oxygen, and neglect of this precaution was responsible for the death of MM. Croce, Spinelli and Sirel at 28,208 feet, and their companion, Tissandier, just escaping by a miracle.

Mount Everest, the highest point of the globe, is only some 700 feet higher, 28,995 feet, and 3,000 above that begin the cirrus clouds that are composed of spicules of ice. At 35,424 feet is the highest point ever reached by man. This is the height attained by M. Berson in his balloon on July 31, 1901.—London Post.

His Muscles Obey Him.

Medical circles in Vienna are being edified by some remarkable examples of muscular action which a man aged about 30 years is showing. His power over his muscles is so great that he can perform feats that would usually be deemed incredible. He can contract his abdominal muscles so as to show an undulating movement massing upward and downward; his larynx goes up and down without the aid of the tongue; and he can even cause his pupils either to contract or dilate thus showing the influence of will over so-called involuntary actions.

By contracting the diaphragm he is able to displace his heart by four inches. One of his marvelous feats, narrated by a Lancet correspondent, is the "transposition of the intestines into the space occupied usually by the lungs.—Exchange.

Oxygen to Cut Metals.

Diamond may cut diamond, but oxygen cuts metals, at least at Liege. There there is a daily exhibition of the Jottrand process for cutting metals by a jet of oxygen. The apparatus consists essentially in blow pipes, moved along a guide in front of the metal plates or part to be cut at the rate of about six inches per minute.

One of the blow pipes delivers an oxyhydrogen flame, which raises the metal where it is to be cut to a temperature corresponding with dark red. The following blow pipe delivers a jet of pure oxygen which enters into combustion with the hot metal, thus producing a clear channel like a saw cut about one-eighth inch thick, the remainder of the metal being unaffected by the operating.—Exchange.

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Feeding Ensilage to Dairy Cows.

A practical and successful dairy man gives his plan of feeding his cows through the Jersey Bulletin, and among other things he says:

We make ensilage our main food. It is unnecessary to enlarge upon the value of ensilage, for every dairyman in the corn belt certainly knows the value of this great feed. We feed from 30 to 50 pounds of ensilage per day in proportion to the cow. It is our intention for our cows to have all they want, and in the best condition. In the winter the ensilage is not removed from the silo until feeding time and is fed steaming hot.

The ensilage ration is balanced with bran and clover hay. The bran is fed in proportion to the period of lactation of the cow, and as much as she will consume at a profit. We feed our ensilage and bran the first thing in the morning; then do our milking and separating; then feed as much clover hay as the cows will clean up before noon. The same method is followed in the evening, feeding hay the last thing at night.

We do not depend on grass alone more than 60 to 75 days in the year, from about May 10 to July 15 or 20. Then if we have any ensilage left over from winter we feed about 20 to 25 pounds per day. If we have no ensilage we plant a small plot of sweet corn early in the spring and begin feeding as soon as it will do, cutting from the field and hauling to the pasture each day. This is a more expensive way of feeding than the ensilage, but it is far better than to let the cows go hungry; for a hungry cow won't give milk. Our cows must have all they want to eat 365 days each year.

Water Lilies From Seed.

Many of the choicest of water lilies, even the magnificent Victoria regia, may be grown from seed. For many years the seed of this lily when brought to this country failed to germinate, says Homes and Gardens.

It was finally found that by bottling the seeds in the water of the river in which they grew they could be transported safely from the waters of the Amazon to the Far West. Here the lily is usually grown with bottom heat, as it is very tender. Seeds started in pots in a temperature of ninety degrees will germinate in about two weeks and may be planted out in the open air when the nights have become warm—usually about the first of June, and will bloom the same summer, but cannot be carried through the winter but must be started afresh each season—either by the purchase of plants or the sowing of seed, the latter being, of course, much more economical as seeds may be purchased for a few nickels apiece, the plants costing as many dollars.

Booms False Hair Market.

Motor cars and false hair do not seem at first glance to have much connection with each other, yet it is stated that a very appreciable increase in the false-hair industry has taken place since motoring increased in popularity. It is not that this pleasing pursuit causes the hair to drop off, though it is true the complexion and eyes and throat are all said to be affected by it, but as cutting through the air plays havoc with the neatness of the coiffure enthusiastic motorists are ceasing to trust to Nature, and the motor transformation" is becoming as much a part of an automobile outfit as goggles, a veil and a close-fitting hat.—Ladies' Pictorial.

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34.	Sore Throat, Quinsy and Diphtheria	.25
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TIME TABLE IN EFFECT
June 1 1904, and until further notice.

Cars leave Bloom for Espy, Almedia, Lime Ridge, Berwick and intermediate points as follows:

A. M. ¶5:00, 5:40, 6:20, 7:00, 7:40, 8:20, 9:00, 9:40, 10:20, 11:00, 11:40.

P. M. 12:20, 1:00, 1:40, 2.20, 3:00, 3:40, 4:20, 5:00, 5:40, 6:20, 7:00, 7:40, 8:20, 9:00, *(9:40) 10:20 *(11:00)

Leaving depart from Berwick one hour from time as given above, commencing 6:00 a. m.†

Leave Bloom for Catawissa A. M. 5:[illegible], 6:15, †7:00, †8:00, 9:00, †10:00, [illegible], 12:00.

P. M. 1:00, †2:00, 3:00, 4:00, 5:00, 6:[illegible], †7:00, 8:00, 9:00, 10:20, *(11:00)

Cars returning depart from Catawissa 2 minutes from time as given above.

First car leaves Market Square for Berwick on Sundays at 7:00 a. m.

First car for Catawissa Sundays 7:00 a. m.

First car from Berwick for Bloom Sundays leaves at 8:00 a. m

First car leaves Catawissa Sundays at 7:30 a. m.

¶From Power House.
*Saturday night only.
†P. R. R. Connection.

WM. TERWILLIGER,
Superintendent.

Bloomsburg & Sullivan Railroad.

Taking Effect Feb'y 1st, 1908, 12:05 a. m.

NORTHWARD.

	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.
	†	†	†	
Bloomsburg D L & W	9 00	2 37	6 15	6 00
Bloomsburg P & R	9 02	2 39	6 17	...
Paper Mill	9 14	¥ 52	6 29	6 30
Light Street	9 18	2 55	6 34	6 25
Orangeville	9 26	3 03	6 43	6 50
Forks	9 36	3 13	6 53	7 05
Zaners	f9 40	f3 17	6 57	7 15
Stillwater	9 48	3 25	7 03	7 40
Benton	9 56	3 33	7 13	8 10
Edsons	f10 00	f3 37	7 17	8 20
Coles Creek	f10 03	f3 40	f7 21	8 56
Laubachs	f10 08	f3 45	f7 31	8 40
Grass Mere Park	f10 10	f3 47	f7 33	....
Central	10 15	3 52	7 41	0
Jamison City	10 18	3 55	7 45	1

SOUTHWARD.

	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	A.M.
	†	†	†	‡	†
Jamison City	5 50	10 48	4 35	7 00	11 36
Central	5 53	10 51	4 38	7 03	11 45
Grass Mere Park	f6 01	f11 00	f4 47	f7 12	....
Laubachs	f6 03	f11 02	f4 48	f7 13	11 52
Coles Creek	f6 12	f11 06	f4 53	f7 22	12 05
Edsons	f6 14	f11 09	f4 56	f7 34	12 10
Benton	6 18	11 13	5 00	7 28	12 38
Stillwater	6 28	11 21	5 08	7 38	12 48
Zaners	f6 35	f11 29	f5 17	f7 45	12 58
Forks	6 39	11 33	5 21	7 49	1 00
Orangeville	6 50	11 42	5 31	8 00	1 37
Light Street	7 00	11 50	5 39	8 10	1 46
Paper Mill	7 03	11 53	5 42	8 13	1 50
Bloom. P & R	...	...	...	8.25	2 10
Bloom. D L & W.	7 20	12 10	6 00	8.30	2 11

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GASNOW

A Reliable Remedy FOR CATARRH

Ely's Cream Balm
Is quickly absorbed.
Gives Relief at Once.
It cleanses, soothes, heals and protects the diseased membrane resulting from Catarrh and drives away a Cold in the Head quickly. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Full size 50 cts. at Druggists or by mail. Liquid Cream Balm for use in atomizers 75 cts. Ely Brothers, 56 Warren Street, New York.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK
OF BLOOMSBURG, PA.
THE OLDEST AND STRONGEST.

Capital $100,000 **Surplus $150,000.**

With the Largest Capital and Surplus in the County, a Strong Directorate, Competent Officers and Every Modern Facility, we solicit Accounts, Large or Small, and Collections on the Most Liberal Terms Consistent with Sound Banking, and Invite YOU to inspect our NEW QUARTERS.

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THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1909

Cannon's Throne.

Country's Laws Are Really Determined in His Sanctum.

The House of Representatives—where is it? Not in that big hall whereto the high-priced guide leads you; no, it is in a comfortable red-upholstered room just back thereof. This is the House of Representatives! it is the throne room of Uncle Joe.

It used to be the room of the Ways and Means Committee, but a ile back the House recognizing t it was unbecoming to have the est absolute monarch on earth duct his business in a cubby-e, assigned this room to Uncle The greatest absolute ruler on earth? Why, yes; in Russia the Tsar is hedged about by bureaus; in Persia the Shah holds his throne by main strength; the President of the United States has to take counsel with Cabinet, Senate and House, and the boss of Tammany Hall with his district leaders; but the "Yes" of the Speaker of the House of Representatives passes a bill and makes a law, and the "No" kills it.

And all of this is done, not in the House, but in the red room. In the House, true, a lamentable farce-comedy is enacted after the Speaker has decreed the fate of a measure. A man who has seen him in the red room two hours before arises and says, "Mr. Speaker." The Speaker bangs his gavel and says, in a surprised fashion, "For what purpose does the gentleman rise?

"I rise, Mr. Speaker," the man on the floor volubly assures him, "to ask for the present consideration of the following bill."

Sometimes the man who has made the arrangement with the Speaker is not there. He has gone out to see a constituent, or get a drink, or buy a cigar, or eat lunch. The Speaker, unaware of that fact, but consulting the little pad in his hand giving the list of bills that have been passed in the red room, says, "The gentleman from New York."

A short pause. An alert clerk whispers to the Speaker that the gentleman from New York is not in the House. The Speaker flushes, bangs his gavel, and says, "The gentleman from New York asks the present consideration of the following bill."

The Democratic leader—Williams, or now Champ Clark—sees a chance to have a little fun. He arises and demands to know of the gentleman from New York—absent all the time—what is the purport of this bill. He does this, knowing that the gentleman from New York is elsewhere on that lunch-bent errand. But meanwhile the Speaker's scouts have been scurrying restaurant-ward for the forgetful member, and he comes dashing into the hall, wiping the last remnants of ple from his mustache, and explains. If he is not there in time the Speaker delays the proceedings till he arrives.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Law Sustained.

Corrupt Practices Act Valid Says Court.

In an unanimous decision handed down last week the Supreme Court affirmed the recent finding of the Superior Court, upholding the validity of the corrupt practices act. While no written opinion was given, the decision was final, and compels the filing of election expenses and accounts by political managers and treasurers and candidates as well. The hearings were on appeals from Fayette County in the cases of John R. Byrne, chairman of the Fayette County Republican Committee and John Q. Van Swearington, successful candidate for judge of the Orphan's Court. The Fayette county court was asked to appoint an auditor to go over the accounts for campaign expenditures, but the petition was dismissed on the ground that the act was unconstitutional, because the subject had not been set forth in the proclamation issued by the governor, calling for the special session of the Legislature at which the law was enacted. Judge Orlady, of the Superior Court, overruled this decision, holding that the purpose of the act had been fully covered in the proclamation, and the law applied to candidates as well as political treasurers and managers. President Judge Rice and two other members of the court dissented from the decision so far as it applied to candidates, but the cases were sent back to the Fayette county court with an order to proceed.

Frightful Record.

The Dangers of Trespassing on Railroads.

Reports just compiled at the general offices of the Pennsylvania railroad show that during the year 1908, 657 trespassers were killed and 791 injured on the lines of the Pennsylvania system east and west of Pittsburg. For 1907, reports show 822 trespassers killed. Thus during the past two years on the Pennsylvania system alone 1,479 persons have lost their lives in this way. These figures are pointed to as emphasizing the recommendation in the recent annual reports of the State Railroad Commissions of Pennsylvania and Indiana that laws should be enacted providing substantial punishment for all persons who trespass upon the private rights of way of any steam or electric railway. The extent of the trespassing abuse is to be found not only in the figures showing the number of persons killed or injured while trespassing, but also in the fact that during the year 1908, according to the figures just compiled, 2,989 persons were arrested for trespassing, 442 for vagrancy and 10,457 for illegal train riding on the lines of the Pennsylvania system. During the year 1907 the arrests for these causes numbered 5,588. It will thus be observed that the number of offenders has vastly increased during the last year. This may have been due partially to the fact that an increased number of men were out of work, but this fact did not relieve the railroad company from the very serious responsibilities involved in this matter. The management of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company sincerely trusts that the bringing to public attention of the above unfortunate conditions may serve to enlist still further support for the Railroad Commissions and the railroad companies, which are seeking to bring this evil to an end. In England, where there is a much greater amount of unemployed than in this country and where the density of population is much greater, railroad trespassing is almost non-existent, and that is brought about by the stringent laws which are enforced to prevent it.

WASHINGTON

From our Regular Correspondent.

Washington, D. C., Feb. 22, 1909.

The President elect and Mrs. Taft have arrived in Washington and are staying at the home of Miss Mabel Boardman, whose connect on with the Red Cross Society of which Mr. Taft is President makes her name known throughout the country. The President elect is a welcome visitor at the White House and has spent a large part of his time there since his arrival. He has presented his report on conditions in Panama to the President who appears to be highly gratified by it and he has had several conferences with Senator Knox who will be his Minister of State. The question of Mr. Knox's eligibility for that position has been settled by Congress both Houses concurring in the passage of the bill repealing the salary of the Secretary of State and reducing it to the sum paid before the salary increase was made. Mr. Taft has not doubted the willingness of Congress to make this concession but he has feared that Mr. Knox might feel called upon to withdraw to avoid unpleasant criticism. After the conference Tuesday though it was stated positively that Mr. Knox would accept the portfolio and it is not believed that the Administration will be embarassed by any question to be raised in the courts later as to the Senator's eligibility.

Mr. Taft accompanied to the White House the Engineers when they presented their report on the Panama Canal. The canal report contains twenty typewritten pages and indorses in every particular the lock type plan of construction and approves the progress and management of the work there. It was sent to Congress by President Roosevelt Wednesday with a special message concerning the Canal in which the President says that a change now to the sea level plan would be inexcusable folly.

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These are busy days at the White House. The President's family after a seven years residence there are collecting their Lares and Penates preparatory to their removal to the home at Oyster Bay and the confusion that prevails in the upper and private rooms of the house can only be imagined by those who find it cheaper to move than to pay rent. All of the furnishings of the Executive Mansion belong to the establishment and to separate these from the personal belongings, the gifts and acquisitions of a seven years residence makes the task more difficult and complicated. Preparations are under way also for the reception of the incoming President and as the social season is at its height and there are receptions and dinners and dances to be given or attended every day and every night there is probably not a busier or more distracted family in the country than that of the Roosevelts. As there is also much to be done in getting ready for the long trip which the President and Mrs. Roosevelt will take immediately after the inauguration every moment is filled with work. The President and his wife will sail for Naples on the thirteenth of March and the precision with which their plans are made is evidenced by the fact that they will not return to the White House after the inaugural ceremonies at the Capital but will leave immediately on a special train for Oyster Bay. It has long been the custom for the President elect to ride to the Capitol on Inauguration day and to return along the route of the parade with the new President occupying the right hand seat with the retiring executive at his left, the reverse of the relative positions in which they made the trip to the Capitol. Two innovations will be introduced this year inasmuch as Mr. Taft will return to the White House alone and instead of using a carriage will use new automobiles provided for the occasion.

***

Mr. Taft is busy writing his inaugural address but a not less important matter in the Taft family is the selection of the gown that Mrs. Taft will wear at the Inaugural ceremonies. It is to be made in New York and Mrs. Taft will go there this week for the absorbing work of having it fitted and to plan also her costume for the Inaugural ball. Mrs. Taft is not unlike Mrs. Roosevelt in her lack of that subtle instinct called style and both are rather condemned by the smart set for their want of chic and fashion. Mrs Roosevelt has apparently never failed to select the most unbecoming clothes obtainable and while she patronizes skillful dressmakers and tailors and buys always the most elegant stuffs she seldom achieves consummate sartorial effects. Mrs. Taft whose allowance for dress has always been limited and who is consequantly accused of believing that economy is the root of all virtue leans to the selection of cloths that will wear well and bear being made over and she wears them with indifference as to their effect. Both however never are on the side of the flashy or obtrusive and it they fail to make the most of their charms they are always simply and appropriately gowned.

Our Coal Supply.

It was feared at one time that the rate of coal consumption would soon outgrow the rate of production, and there was talk of curtailing the use of coal in many industries. But the inventor proceeded to coal mining machinery which lessened the labor of extracting the raw product from the earth and increased the output tenfold. England to-day bases her hope of extending the period of her profitable coal-mining upon the invention of machinery that will compensate for the added cost of deeper mining. In America coal-mining machinery has doubled and tripled the output. A coal-digger cuts and extracts the coal from its bed as fast as three or four skilled miners could formerly do; it falls automatically upon cars, which swing upward like elevators to the light of day, and deposit their contents into chutes. Down the sooty mass tumbles to the breakers, where it is pounded and broken into sizes suitable for commerce. Thence it slides on to the washery, and comes out at the other end to be dumped on cars. The cars quickly cross the country to some river or bay where canal-boats are waiting. The transference from the cars to the boats, and from the boats to the wholesale and retail dealers' coal-yards, is performed automatically. Even when the coal comes into our homes it is shot down chutes into the cellar, and not carried there in buckets and baskets as of old.

And yet for all this simplifying of labor, this invention of machines to reduce the dust and ashes, nobody likes coal, and we all pray for the time to come when its use may be abolished. It is not a popular article of commerce; it is a clumsy and dirty fuel, and in this age of invention and discovery it seems wofully out of date. It is not new machinery to increase the output that we are longing for, but the discovery of some new method of obtaining heat and power. George Ethelbert Walsh in March Lippincott's.

The Secret of Happiness.

The moment we set about the task of making every human being we come in contact with better for knowing us—more cheerful, more courageous, and with greater faith in the kindness of God and man—that moment we begin to attain the purpose of life—personal happiness.

Would you possess the magic secret of the alchemist which transforms all things to gold? It is unselfishness—or to use a better word, selfishness. He who goes forth bent upon being always kind, always helpful, in the little, daily events of life, will find all skies tinted with gold, all his nights set with stars, and unexpected flowers of pleasure springing up in his pathway. And all his tears shall turn to smiles.—Boston Globe.

To Paint Highest Building.

James Rowe, of Hazleton, who is a famous steeple jack, has gone to New York to paint the flag staff on the top of the tower of the Singer building, the highest structure in the city, its height being 475 feet. Rowe is an expert in such work.

Ticklins in the Throat

"Just a little tickling in the throat!" Is that what troubles you? But it hangs on! Can't get rid of it! Home remedies don't take hold. You need something stronger—a regular medicine, a doctor's medicine. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral contains healing, quieting, and soothing properties of the highest order. Ask your doctor about this. No alcohol in this cough medicine. *J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.*

Constipation positively prevents good health. Then why allow it to continue? An active liver is a great preventive of disease. Ayer's Pills are liver pills. What does your doctor say?

The February Sale of
FURNITURE AND LINENS
Began at Pursel's
Monday, February 1st.

In this Sale we have "buzz-sawed" Furniture prices and "torn" a good bit off Linen prices!

But then you EXPECTED THAT, and we only mention it to emphasize the importance of this Sale to every person having a home to furnish. Your main interest will center 'round THE VALUES. You already know that Pursel Furniture, like Pursel Linens, is of "first" quality—that goes without saying.

Linens of all Kinds at Big Reductions.

BLEACHED TABLE LINENS.

56 in. bleached table linen Reduced to 22c, was 28c
56 in. bleached table linen reduced to 49c, was 59c
72 in. bleached table linen reduced to 60c, was 75c
72 in, bleached table linen reduced to 72½c, was 85c
72 in. bleached table linen reduced to 85c, was $1
72 in. bleached table linen reduced to 90c, was $1.15
72 in. bleached double damask reduced to $1.15, was $1.39.
72 in. bleached double damask reduced to $1.25, was $1.75.
72 in. bleached double damask reduced to $2.00, was $2.50.
72 in, bleached double damask reduced to $2.19, was $2.75.

UNBLEACHED TABLE LINEN.

56 in. unbleached table linen reduced to 20c, was 28c
62 in. unbleached table linen reduced to 35c, was 45c
72 in. unbleached table linen reduced to 39c, was 50c
62 in. unbleached table linen reduced to 49c, was 60c
66 in. unbleached table linen reduced to 85c, was $1.

MERCERIZED TABLE DAMASK.

58 inch mercerized table damask reduced to 39c was 50c.
58 inch mercerized table damask reduced to 49c was 59c.
70 inch mercerized table damask reduced to 59c was 75c.

TOWELINGS.

These prices are merest hints of the prices, but should suffice to convince you that now is the time for buying all the towelings you will need for months to come. Best Cotton Toweling 4½c yd.
Brown linen crash reduced to 8½c, was 10c
Stevens' 22 inch crash reduced to 12½c, was 15c
Stevens' 20 inch crash reduced to 11c, was 14c
Bleached Russian crash reduced to 11c, was 12½c
Unbleached Russian crash reduced to 10c, was 12½c
Red border bleached crash reduced to 10c, was 12c

READY MADE TOWEL BARGAINS.

Plain all linen Huckaback Towels, 18 x 40 inches, (very heavy) reduced to 22c, regular value 12½c

F. P. PURSEL.
BLOOMSBURG, - PENN'A.

We Have Ten Styles of
Envelopes and Paper to Match
—FOR—
Invitations, Acceptances, Regrets, Announcements, &c.

Full size Wedding with two Envelopes, down to Billet-doux size with Card to Fit.

Twenty-Four Styles of Type
FOR CARDS AND INVITATIONS.

We Do All Kinds of Printing

Columbian Printing House,
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BIG BARGAINS

in

SHOES

at

EVANS' SHOE STORE

BLOOMSBURG, PA.

THE COLUMBIAN.
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1909.

Entered at the Post Office, Bloomsburg, Pa. as second class matter, March 1, 1886.

Milton Fair No More.

Stockholders Vote to Go Into Liquidation.

At a meeting of the stockholders of the Milton Fair association held at the Hotel Haag on Thursday evening, at which all of the forty shares of stock except five were represented, it was voted to go into liquidation with but one dissenting ballot.

There are two reasons given for this action First, the association owns only half of the present grounds, leasing the other portion at what the association regarded as an exorbitant annual rental. The lease expires this year, and the lessors were unwilling to make any concession worth speaking of in the rent, and would not give the association a lease for more than fivo years. The buildings are all in need of repair and it would cost the association at least fifteen hundred dollars to make the necessary repairs to hold a fair this fall and at least three thousand dollars to make the needed permanent improvements. To do this on a five-year lease would have been an absurd business proposition.

Added to this feature was the general apathy and indifference of the people and business men of Milton. Those who reaped the most benefit from the annual meetings did nothing to support the fair, while a great many of them were chronic knockers. The directors and stockholders, who had their money invested in the enterprise, and who gave it their time and labor, without compensation, became disgusted and decided to quit.

The board of directors were empowered to remove the buildings and fences from the leased portion and to arrange for the sale of the real estate and distribute the proceeds, together with the surplus in the treasury, to the shareholders.

Loaded.

Judge W. L. Walls, of Cody, Wyoming, has a sarcastic humor which has made many culprits squirm, and among the number was a defendant in a recent cattle-stealing case who was trying to explain that it would have been quite impossible for him to bring into town the beef he was accused of having stolen and butchered, owing to the fact that his two packhorses were heavily loaded with other things.

One horse, he had told the jury, was packed with his fur overcoat, mining implements, etc., etc.

"And what was on the other horse?" inquired the judge.

"Well, there was a gallon of whiskey——" The flustered defenant could think of nothing else.

"I knew a gallon of whiskey was a load for a man," said the judge dryly, "but I didn't know it was a load for a horse."

—March Lippincott.

Will Plant Trees by Thousands.

Pennsy's Extensive Scheme of Reforestation Begun in Lancaster County.

An extensive scheme of reforestation will be started in Lancaster county this week by the Pennsylvania Railroad company. All available ground along the low grade freight route, extending from Shocks station to Parkesburg, will be planted with red oak trees. For a number of years the company has been setting out locust trees, in order to provide for a future supply of cross ties, and hundreds of acres of locust sprouts can be seen along the company's routes at various places.

Recently the company secured the services of E. A. Sterling as forester, formerly one of the chiefs of the United States division of forestry, and he has urged upon the company the planting of red oak trees. The trees to be planted along the low grade road are being shipped from northern New York.

Forester Sterling has arranged to plant at least 200,000 sprouts along the new road, and he will begin work this week.

In addition the company will have men go over the 300 acres of locust trees near Martin's Forge and pick out the dead ones. Similar work will be done in the big chestnut groves in the same vicinity. The company also owns much improved land along the low grade road, and on this experiments will be conducted in the growing of other kinds of hardy trees.

Many Children are Sickly.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, used by Mother Gray, a nurse in Children's Home, New York, Break up Colds in 24 hours, cure Feverishness, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Teething Disorders, and Destroy Worms. At all druggists, 25c. Sample mailed Free. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y. 2-18-4t.

PUBLIC SALE.

The executors of E. M. Laubach deceased will sell at public vendue on the premises at Forks, on Friday March 12, at 10 o'clock a. m. the personal property of deceased. It includes two good horses, a portable saw-mill, harness, bob-sleds, platform scales, boring machine, oak and poplar lumber, household goods, walnut bed-room suit, bedding, carpets, grain and many other articles.

Globe Girdling Fleet is Home.

United States Battleships End Notable Voyage of 45,000 Miles—President Viewed Parade From Yacht.

The great American battleship fleet is again at home. It was formally greeted Monday as it entered Hampton Roads, by the president, the secretary of the navy, and a distinguished party aboard the Mayflower, with all the elaborate pomp and circumstance that the naval regulations could provide. Wildly cheered by enthusiastic thousands of men, women and children, packed aboard all sorts and conditions of water craft, gaily decorated for the occasion and hoarsely welcomed by the shriek of whistles from steam vessels and factories in the vicinity, the sixteen magnificent warships with their "homecoming" pennants flying, jauntily pushed along a channel kept clear only with great difficulty by topedo boats, and extending over eight miles, from the tail of the horseshoe, to the anchorage in front of the Chamberlain hotel, where other hundreds of excited humanity, mainly wives, relatives and friends of the 15,000 world voyagers were banked in a solid phalanx, and held in rapt attention by the spectacle.

GOT INTO ACTION EARLY.

Although the day opened with a dense fog at sea, that caused forebodings from naval men as well as sight-seers, the outlook did not deter the water craft from getting into action early and by 8:30 a. m., several newspaper and pleasure boats, loaded to the gunwales, rushed out to meet the Mayflower and the fleet. The latter, which had been "marking time" all night off Cape Henry, restless to get into action, received the order "Go ahead" early in the morning from Admiral Sperry's flagship. Before the Mayflower was sighted, the ships were ordered into single column. It required an hour and a half for them all to pass the president's yacht.

CONTINUOUS SALUTE.

It was a wondrous and thunderous announcement given of the home coming, when the Connecticut, the flagship of Admiral Sperry, signted the Mayflower, which had taken its anchorage at the exact spot from which the president had bid the ships farewell on their outward voyage. A salute began that did not conclude, until the last ship had passed the president's boat. Twenty-one guns, fired from each one of the sixteen ships, and so timed that before one ship ceased firing, the next took up the salute, fairly made the heavens roar, while from the distance came the thunderings from the big squadron of Admiral Arnold that had steamed out to act as an escort of honor until near the spot for the formal reception. President Roosevelt viewed the ships with a critical, but pleased eye, as the long line steamed gracefully by.

JACKIES ON PARADE.

Before each ship neared the Mayflower, and while the guns were belching out their discordant greeting, the rails were manned by the blue jackets, who stood side by side, each one with his hand resting upon the shoulder of his companion, and facing the president's yacht. The officers paraded in special full dress and the marine guard, presented arms, while the band played the "Star Spangled Banner." With binoculars in one hand, which he frequently used and his top hat in the other, which he almost constantly waved in the air, the president apparently enjoyed the spectacle to the utmost.

PRESIDENT ADDRESSED MEN.

As the last ship passed the Mayflower fell in behind and in schedule time passed between the lines made by their formation at anchorage in front of the Chamberlain. The president received the admirals and flag officers of each ship on board the Mayflower at 2 o'clock in the afternoon and in an address warmly congratulated the commanding officers and through them the men for their wonderful accomplishment.

Following this, the president and secretary of the navy, visited each flagship and in like vein, the president addressed the flag officers and chosen representatives of each ship assembled for that particular purpose.

There are 642 students enrolled at the Normal School this term. This is about as large as it has ever been.

Dr. Bruner addressed a large meeting of mothers at the Third street school last Thursday afternoon. His subject was "The health of our children".

The following letters are held at the Bloomsburg, Pa., post office: Hummel, Mr. F. E., Cazivun, W. H.

Will Liberty Bell Split.

The Most Famous of America's Relics May Be Doomed

Is the Liberty Bell, most famous of America's historic relics, doomed to split in two? Will the trip which is planned for it to the far Northwest prove to be its final undoing? These are questions which are being seriously asked by those closely associated with the bell and its history.

Since the time of its ringing the original crack in the bell has grown seventeen inches in length. The new crack extends from a point midway between the rim and the crown to a center of the crown. It is said that the new crack has grown a little in extent each time the bell has made a trip.

The old crack has been drilled out and is easily discernible, while the new crack is but faintly outlined, and the observer must look closely to see it.

The bell cracked in 1835 when tolling for the funeral of Chief Justice Marshall. This crack began at the lip of the bell, where the metal was three inches thick, and extended toward the crown, a distance of twenty nine inches. The crack was after drilled out with the hope that the bell could be rung without further splitting it and still hold its tone. Since then it has never been tolled, but gradually the original crack has lengthened until now it is forty-six inches long.

LENT.

The Lenton season opened on Ash-Wednesday, the 24th, and will continue until Easter, which falls on April 11th.

Services at St. Paul's Church are held as follows: Tuesdays, 9:30 a. m; 7:30 p. m; Wednesdays, 9:30 a. m; 4:30 p. m, Thursdays, 9:30 a. m; 7:30 p. m; Fridays, 9:30 a. m; 4:30 p. m.

Visiting clergymen will preach on the following dates: Feb. 25, Rev. L. F. Baker; Mar. 4, Rev. E. J. Haughton; Mar. 11, Rev. W. N. Jones, Mar. 17, Rev. H. G. Hartman; Mar. 23, Rev. O. H. Bridgmon; Mar. 25, Rev. John Hewitt; Mar. 30, Rev. W. E. Kunkel.

Rev. J. W. Diggles delivered a very interesting address to the Mens' Bible Union at the Presbyterian Church last Sunday morning.

PEOPLE WHO REALLY KNOW WHAT PE-RU-NA IS.

MRS. ALICE J. BORDNER.

Mrs. Emma F. Mumford, No. 1 Olsen's Court, Salt Lake City, Utah, writes:

"Four months ago I became chilled through and through by getting my feet wet.

"The next morning I was stiff and sore with a severe cold which had settled all over my body. The blood seemed to rush to my head, causing dizziness and blinding headaches.

"As soon as Peruna was recommended to me I decided to give it a trial and am pleased to say that it cured me after I had used it only two months.

"I think you have a splendid medicine and gladly endorse it."

People preferring solid medicines should call for Peruna tablets. Each tablet is equivalent to one average dose of Peruna.

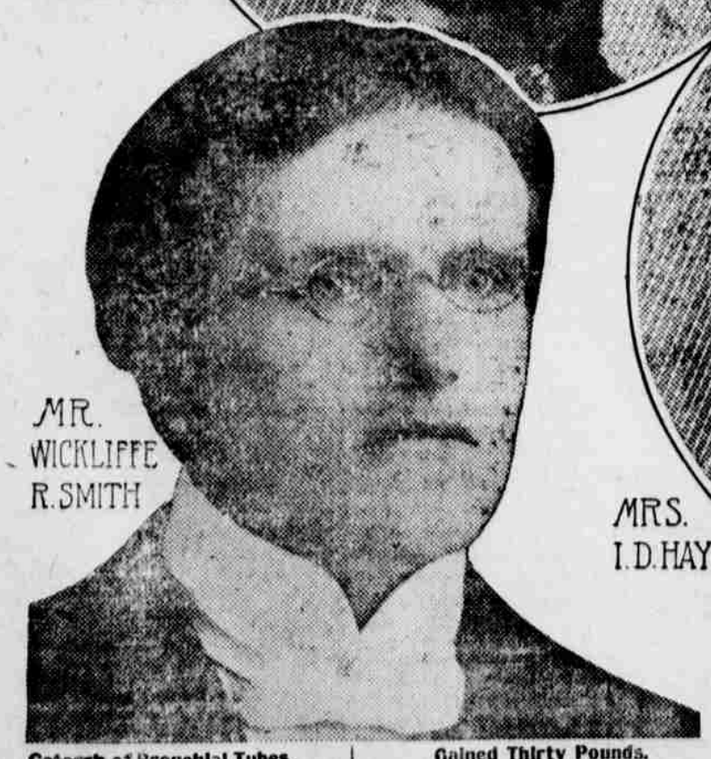
MRS EMMA F MUMFORD

Mr. George W. Amory, 337 West 19th St., New York City, New York, writes:

"Somehow I have always had a prejudice against advertised medicine, but I want to make one decided exception in favor of Peruna.

"I caught a cold last winter and it settled in throat and head, developing a most persistent catarrh, which seemed to defy all medicines until I tried Peruna. Before I had used two bottles I considered myself cured."

MR GEO. W. AMORY



MR. WICKLIFFE R. SMITH

MRS. I. D. HAYES.

PERUNA A REAL MEDICINE

Those Who Slander Peruna Know Nothing About It.

THE PEOPLE WHO USE IT ARE THE ONLY RELIABLE WITNESSES.

Read The Enthusiastic Testimonials on This Page.

These Testimonials Were Given Out of Pure Gratitude For The Benefit Received From Pe-ru-na.

Catarrh of Bronchial Tubes.

Mr. Wickliffe R. Smith, editor of The Potlatch Herald, formerly principal of the schools at Cameron, Idaho, writes:

"For some time I suffered with catarrh of the throat and bronchial tubes.

"I tried many remedies, but could find nothing that would give me relief. Finally I tried Peruna. Three bottles cured me, sound and well. I believe it will do as much for others as it did for me."

Gained Thirty Pounds.

Mrs. Alice J. Bordner, 1311 Maple Ave., Harrisburg, Pa., writes:

"I have found a cure in Peruna. I cannot recommend Peruna enough, and I also thank you for your kind attention to me. I am as well as could be ever since I began taking Peruna, and will recommend it to others. I only weighed 95 pounds before taking Peruna; now I weigh 125."

Throat and Head.

Mrs. I. D. Hayes, 1937 Druid Hill, Baltimore, Md., writes:

"Peruna is one of the best remedies for grippe, cold in the head, sore throat, nervous headaches, and coughs that has ever been discovered. After the use of one bottle in my family I don't feel safe without Peruna in my house."

In a later letter Mrs. Hayes says: "I am never without a bottle of Peruna in the house. I find it good for most every complaint. I give the children Peruna if they have a cold and it always relieves them. I don't think I could find a better remedy to give my children."

It is so easy to criticize things about which the critic knows nothing.

Take, for instance, Peruna. There are plenty of people who are willing to say Peruna is this and that, who never have tasted Peruna, and have never known anything about its effects upon the human system.

There are people who say, and probably believe, that Peruna is used as a beverage by some people. It would be the easiest thing in the world to show the falsity of such a belief.

Let any one who reads this go to the drug store and purchase a bottle of Peruna. If, after attempting to use it as a beverage or to take it in doses sufficient to produce anything like intoxication, if after putting it to this test such a person is still of the opinion that Peruna is a disguised alcoholic drink, he will be warranted in making such a statement. Practically, Peruna cannot be so used. Any one who knows anything about Peruna by personal use knows that Peruna is a medicine. The very label on the bottle, giving the principal active ingredients, furnishes indisputable proof that Peruna is a medical compound. We will be willing to guarantee that no normal person can or will use Peruna as a beverage. If any one thinks this remedy can be so used one trial will be sufficient to disabuse his mind.

Peruna is a great and useful family medicine. It is used in multitudes of homes. It has become a standard remedy for various petty ailments in the home. It is especially useful for climatic diseases. It is an excellent remedy for colds. It is a well-tried remedy for catarrh in all forms.

We have a multitude of testimonials recommending it for colds, for bronchitis, for various affections of the respiratory and alimentary organs.

This is well known to all who know Peruna by actual experience.

"Cures All Catarrhal Diseases."

Mr. I. W. Kightlinger, Cambridge, Neb., writes: "I don't have any more trouble in my throat, and have not had a headache for four weeks.

"Peruna is the very medicine for catarrh. There is no medicine like it in the United States, for I have tried a good many before using Peruna.

"I will keep it in my house to guard against catarrh, as it cures all catarrhal diseases."

OLD TIME TURKEY EAT

A Once Popular Feast In the Pennsylvania Mountains.

GONE WITH THE WOODSMEN.

The People, Traditions and Associations That Made It Possible Are No More, and It Joins In Oblivion the Apple Cut and Quilting Bee.

"It isn't because there is no more material in the Blue mountain region of Pennsylvania to provide a turkey eat that we have had the last of those famous festivities," said a former dweller of the district described, "for there are still wild turkeys a-plenty.

"The turkey eat has gone out with the passing of the people whose homes, traditions and manner of life made it possible and with the occupation that was once theirs.

"In the days when the turkey eat was the great winter festivity in the mountain districts between the Schuylkill and the Juniata watersheds the sparse population was chiefly of rude and rugged woodmen and their families, many of them descendants of pure Pennsylvania Dutch stock. Scores of them depended almost entirely on their skill with gun and trap for their food supply.

"The cabins of these mountaineers were built of logs, the chinks between which were filled in with clay. A huge stone chimney rose at one end of the cabin outside, covering that entire end, while on the inside it opened on a broad fireplace across that end of the room.

"The cabin was banked all around with earth, against which hemlock and pine boughs were heaped. Sometimes rows of cord wood were piled up almost to the eaves, the better to keep out the cold, which is always intense during winter on those wind swept hills.

"There was rarely a cabin with more than one room. The walls were dark and smoky, and from rafter or beam hung plentifully strips of jerked venison and chunks of smoked bear meat, along with hams and bacon from the family pigs fattened in the woods and almost as wild as the bear and the deer. But the choicest and best beloved thing of the cabin's larder was the fat and well frozen wild turkey.

"While the woodsman's cabin was always prepared for a turkey eat, it never knew when it was coming. A turkey eat began with the making up of a party in a neighboring village or settlement. Taking along a fiddler, they would appear at this, that or the other woodsman's cabin of a winter evening, and the woodsman and his family did the rest.

"Instantly the birch wood pail of cider came forth. While the cabin's guests drank cider the host prepared and spitted the turkey over the hickory coals in the fireplace to roast for the feast. When it was ready for the table it was placed before the guests on a big tin platter. Each one carved for himself, the plates being squares of birch bark.

"The turkey eat was not complete, though, without a liberal supply of paan haas' and head cheese, and with went the sweetest of rye bread and butter. Paan haas is a strictly Pennsylvania Dutch creation.

"It is made from the rich juices left after boiling the ingredients for head cheese, these being thickened to a stiff paste with buckwheat flour. This paste is pressed in forms until cold and is served in slices. It is a dull blue in color, very rich and very good.

"After the feast the turkey eat was rounded out by a night of jollity superinduced by the fiddle and maintained by it in its music for the old fashioned cotillon figures and reels, which were danced until the gray of morning.

"But most of those old time woodsmen have passed away, and on those who are still dwellers in the mountains the game laws have forced a situation that leaves them with their ancient occupation gone, and the hunt being no longer a source of maintenance its traditions have departed with it. The newer generation of these people is of other tastes and associations, so while the wild turkey is yet in proximity in the Blue mountain region to supply the material for the festive turkey eat the traditions and associations that made it possible are no more, and it is gone, like the apple cut, the quilting bee, the pig killing frolic and others of the old time rural pastimes that are now but a memory."—New York Sun.

Hot Stuff.

The great editor looked up impatiently.

"Boy," he said, "what is that rustling in the wastebasket—a mouse?"

The boy after examining the basket answered:

"No, sir; it's one o' them poems o' vision throbbin'."

"Well, pour some water on it and then drop it out of the window," said the editor. "The building isn't insured."—Kansas Independent.

Cheap Riding.

Uncle Zeke (back from the city)—You talk about cheap rides! I rode twenty miles on a street kyar, an' all it cost me was a nickel.

Uncle Ike—Gosh! That ain't nothin'. The last time I was there last year I rode to the top of the tallest buildin' in town, and it didn't cost me a blamed cent!—Chicago Tribune.

Gratitude.

He who has often done you a kindness will be more ready to do you another than he whom you yourself have obliged.—Holmes.

A GLUTTON FOR WORK.

Story of the British Civil Service In the Last Century.

The British civil service during the middle of the last century was a delightful place for young gentlemen who wished a "job" with nothing to do. Mr. Arthur W. A'Becket in his "Recollections of a Humorist" describes his first day in the war office. After reading the Times through—no short task—and listening to the conversation of his colleagues for awhile he ventured to address his chief.

"Can I do anything?" I asked. "Is there anything for me to do?"

He seemed a little perplexed. The other denizens of the room paused for a moment in their conversation to hear his reply. It seemed to me that they appeared to be amused. My chief looked at me and then at the papers in front of him.

"Ah!" said he at last, with a sigh of relief. "Are you fond of indexing?"

I replied I was fond of anything and everything that could be of the slightest service to my country. If those were not the exact words I used, that was the spirit of my answer.

"I see, a glutton for work," observed my chief, with a smile that found reflection on the faces of my other colleagues. "Well, A'Becket, just index this pile of circulars."

I seized upon the bundle and returned to my desk. Oh, how I worked at those circulars! There were hundreds of them, and I docketed them with the greatest care and entered their purport into a book. From time to time my official chief, so to speak, looked in upon me to see how I was getting on.

"I say," said he, "there's no need to be in such a desperate hurry. I am not in immediate need of the index. You can take your time, you know. Wouldn't you like a stroll in the park? Most of us have a little walk during the day. We none of us stand on ceremony and are quite a happy family."

But, no; I stuck to my indexing and after some three days of fairly hard work found my labors done. I took up the bundle of circulars, now in apple pie order, and laid them on my chief's desk.

"I say, A'Becket," said he, "this won't do. You are too good a fellow to be allowed to cut your own throat, and for your brother's sake I will give you a tip. Don't do more than you are asked to do. Now, I gave you those circulars to index because you would bother me for work. I didn't want the index. Now it's done it's not the least bit of use to me. Of course it may come in useful some day, but I scarcely see how it can, as the lot are out of date. But of course it may," he added to save my feelings.

DEVELOPING STAR.

How Mansfield Coached Margaret Anglin as Roxane.

Richard Mansfield in his preparation for "Cyrano" was unsparing of himself, and he was unsparing of others. Everything he had and everything he hoped for was at stake. Struggle and desperation were in the air. Nearly every one in the cast resigned or was discharged over and over again. Mr. Palmer's days and nights were devoted to diplomacy, and, thanks to his suavity, the heady heat of the day before was forgotten in the cool of the next morning.

An actress of international reputation and experience was engaged for Roxane. Rehearsals were under way when she resigned by cable. The orange girl's single line in the first act was being rehearsed by a young Canadian, Margaret Anglin. Mansfield had not seen her act, but he remarked the wondrous loveliness of her voice, and his intuition told him she had temperament. "Can you make yourself look beautiful enough for Roxane?" he asked. "I think I might if you can make yourself ugly enough for Cyrano," she answered. The part was hers on the instant. He coached her relentlessly. Again and again she cried that she could not do it. He reassured her, but not with soft persuasions. "You can, my dear, and you must. Now, again!" After rehearsals she went regularly in tears to Mr. Palmer to resign. He appealed to Mansfield to be more lenient. "I am only kind," was his reply.

"Roxane is a great part. Only one who has suffered can play such a role. This girl has the temperament and the emotions, but she is young and inexperienced. I cannot persuade her spirit. I must rouse it." And every day she reached new depths and new heights.—Paul Wilstach in Scribner's.

A Multiplicity of Fathers.

Ardyce had been learning to sing "America" at school and was trying to teach it to Brother Wayne. One morning his father heard him shouting, "Land where my papa died, land where my papa died."

Ardyce interrupted. "Oh, no, Wayne, not that way. It is 'Land where our fathers died.'"

Wayne's expression could not be described as he tipped his head sidewise and in a very surprised tone gravely asked, "Two of 'em?"—Delineator.

A Way Men Have.

"When a man talks about luck," said Uncle Eben, "he nearly allus mought hard luck, 'cause when he's prosperous he's gwineter take all de credit for his own smahtness."—Washington Star.

They Were Strangers.

Howell—Rowell doesn't seem to be at home much. Powell—He is there so seldom that he really needs a letter of introduction to his wife.—New York Press.

A medical education in England costs at least $3,645.

THE WORD "WINTER."

Said to Have Originally Indicated Wetness, Not Coldness.

There is a prevailing impression that there is something in the word "winter" that signifies cold, and the season is usually associated with the idea of low temperature, but where the word originated there was little of winter as we understand it, while there was a great deal of moisture at the time the earth was nearest to the sun, so that it is not the temperature but the atmospheric condition that has given us the word.

The word "winter," as we use it, is found with but slight modifications in all the branches of the Aryan languages, for the idea of wetness associated with the season was given to it before the Aryan family was divided.

If we go to the root of the word we find "wad," with the signification of to well, to wash out, to moisten or make wet. Our Aryan ancestors used that root to apply to all conditions of moisture, and many words besides winter have grown out of it, wet and water being among them.

This root "wad" is in the Sanskrit as "udan," water. Anglo-Saxon has "waeter," and in Latin we have "unda," wave, from which we get our "inundate."

Our Danish and Swedish cousins changed the "w" into a "v" and have "vinter." In Icelandic it is "vetir," and the old high German has "wintar," and it is "winter" in German. These four words are all from the Teutonic base "wata," which means wet. So it has been moisture that has been indicated from the birth of the root on which all of the different words in a dozen languages have grown.—New York Herald.

CURIOUS FLORIDA HERB.

Red Plant Which Feeds Upon Ants and Other Insects.

Almost everybody knows there are such things as insectivorous or carnivorous plants, but it is doubtful if many know we have any such plants growing right here in southern Florida. Nevertheless there is a plant, or, rather, herb, growing here which is really insectivorous.

It is likely that on account of its being extremely small it has escaped attention. In fact, it seems to have been overlooked by the botanists also, as we are unable to find it classed among the sensitive plants.

This is an annual herb, and the entire plant, including the flowers, is of a deep rich red color. It rarely reached a height of more than three inches and is never so broad. The leaves are spatulate when undisturbed and present many small fibrillae and secrete at their tips a tenacious fluid which is capable of holding the very small insects, such as ants and the like, upon which it feeds. When any of these get lodged in the fluid and disturb these fibrillae the leaves slowly acquire a deep cut shape and sometimes curl completely up over their victim. When they have absorbed the insect they slowly recover their original shape, leaving only the skeleton of the insect remaining.

These plants grow on the very low, flat, poor and sandy lands. They appear in the late winter and early spring months.—Punta Gorda (Fla.) Herald.

The Human Temperature.

Put to the test of the thermometer, it appears that the normal temperature of the body is almost invariable, regardless of latitude or season. Putting the bulb of the thermometer under the tongue of an Eskimo at the frozen north or of a man under the blazing sun of the tropics, we find that in each case, the body being in a state of health, the temperature is about the same, the difference not amounting to a degree. We may say absolutely that the average normal temperature of a human being is about 98.5 degrees F., just as we may say that at sea level water boils at 212 degrees F.—New York American.

Put In More Words.

"Now, Peters," said the teacher, "what is it makes the water of the sea so salty?"

"Salt," said Peters.

"Next!" said the teacher. "What is it makes the water of the sea so salty?"

"The salty quality of the sea water," answered "Next," "is due to the admixture of a sufficient quantity of chloride of sodium to impart to the aqueous fluid with which it commingles a saline flavor, which is readily recognized by the organs of taste!"

"Right, Next," said the teacher. "Go up one!"

Mutton Birds.

During six weeks every autumn the 400 inhabitants of the Australian Furneaux islands make enough money to support themselves in idleness the rest of the year. They do this by catching the very fat young "mutton birds," which are hatched there in such numbers that the flocks when they migrate extend for miles. They furnish food and oil, which is used for lubricating purposes and also as a substitute for cod liver oil.

Making Sure.

Country Cousin—Are you sure I am in the right train? Town Relative (who has had about enough of it)—Well, I should say so! I've noticed seventeen porters and thirty-two passengers, and they all say "Yes," so I think you'd better risk it.—London Telegraph.

If thou continuest to take delight in idle argumentation thou mayest be qualified to combat with the sophists, but never know how to love with men.—Spectator.

FLOWERS OF SPEECH.

An Englishman's Address at a Ladies' Seminary In Siam.

The influential Englishman in Siam flattered himself that he had a very decent knowledge of the language and was ready to do great things. He had already ordered coffee from his hotel waiter with success and asked the boy to bring up his boots.

Now, influential Englishmen in Siam are not as common as cockroaches, and that afternoon the distinguished visitor was requested by a friend to deliver an address on "England" at the only ladies' seminary in the country. Confidently he accepted.

He began famously. Every one applauded and smiled. But gradually as he proceeded he noticed consternation overspreading the countenances of his listeners.

"What's the trouble?" he whispered in English anxiously to his friend on the platform.

"Trouble!" exclaimed the friend hotly. "Why, the trouble is what you are saying."

"But," protested the speaker, "I am saying, 'I am delighted to see so many young ladies rising to intellectual heights, with fine brains and large appreciation.'"

"Oh, no, you're not," corrected the friend. "You're saying, 'I am pleased to see so many small lionesses growing large and fat, with big noses and huge feet!'"—London Tit-Bits.

WHEN YOU WEEP.

The Way That Tears Act Upon the Human Organism.

Professor Waynbaum, M. D., of Paris publishes some queer facts regarding the nature and purpose of tears, coming to the conclusion that tears act upon the human organism "like chloroform, ether or alcohol."

"When a human being gives way to sorrow," says Dr. Waynbaum, "the blood pressure in the brain decreases. The tear helps in this process, which benumbs the brain for the time being, causing passiveness of the soul almost approaching indifference.

"Tears are blood, changing color by their passage through the lachrymal glands. One can drown his sorrow in tears as one can benumb his senses by the use of alcohol or drugs. When a person cries the facial muscles contract and the appearance of the face changes, which action facilitates the white blood letting, driving the blood particles into the lachrymal gland, from which they issue in the shape of tears.

"Children whose nervous system is particularly tender derive great benefit from crying occasionally. The act of crying relieves their brains. The same may be said with respect to women."

The professor likewise explains why laughter sometimes produces tears, but the explanation is too technical for reproduction.

The Only Safe Way.

"No, I can't stay any longer," he said, with determination.

"What difference does an hour or so make now?" asked a member of the party. "Your wife will be in bed and asleep, and if she wakes up she won't know what time it is."

"Quite right, quite right," he returned. "I can fool my wife almost any time as long as I get home before breakfast. Why, I've gone home when the sun was up, kept the blinds shut, lit the gas and made her think that it was a little after 12. But, gentlemen, I can't fool the baby. I can make the room as dark as I please, but it won't make the baby sleep a minute later than usual, and when she wakes up hungry it comes pretty close to being morning, and my wife knows it. Gentlemen," he added as he bowed himself out, "I make it a rule to get home before the baby wakes. It's the only safe way."

A Dog Story.

At a farmhouse at which we have been staying a terrier, Rough, shares always his master's first breakfast, the bread and cream accompanying a cup of tea. Three corners he breaks off and gives to Rough, who eats the first two. Off the third he licks the cream, then carries the crust to a hen who each morning comes across the field where the fowls are kept and at the gate awaits her friend's arrival. Should others of the hens appear, Rough "barks them off" while his favorite devours her portion.—London Spectator.

A Tremendous Task.

"So you are going to study law?"

"Yes."

"Going to make a specialty of criminal law?"

"No."

"Corporation law?"

"No. Both are too easy. What I want is to be accurately and reliably informed as to what months in the year and days in the week it is permitted to shoot certain game in the various sections of the country."—Washington Star.

A Patron of Art.

"So you enjoy reading all the extravagant praise that is printed about that opera singer?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Cumrox. "It kind of helps me to feel that maybe those tickets were worth what I paid for 'em."—Washington Star.

Poor Jones!

Missionary—Can you give me any information about Deacon Jones, who labored among your people three years ago? Cannibal—Well, the last I heard about him he had gone into consumption.—Judge.

BANK VAULTS.

Precautions For the Purpose of Foiling the Cracksmen.

Many banks, especially those in cities, have their vaults protected by an elaborate system of concealed wires connected to a central office not so far away, so that the least tampering with the combination lock or any attack upon the door or walls will give the alarm at the central office, where men are waiting day and night to run to the rescue. The exact method and devices that are used are kept rather secret, for fear the burglars themselves might learn too much about them, but it may be explained that one part of the apparatus is an extremely sensitive relay located at the central office. This delicate instrument closes a local circuit which sounds the alarm the moment there is the slightest disturbance of the hidden wires at and near the vault, so that a gang of burglars could hardly get to work with their drills and their nitroglycerin before the officers of the law would be upon them.

In addition to protecting vaults and safes from the direct attacks of robbers, electricity affords another safeguard by furnishing light which floods the premises with its searching beams. Indeed, many banks, stores and warehouses rely mainly upon the electric light, without which the thickest walls and the strongest and most complicated locks would be useless. They turn it on at night and leave their window shutters wide open, so that the interior may be in full view of the policeman or watchman passing the windows all night. This makes it practically impossible for lawbreakers to work unseen.

To protect the money windows of banks the teller behind the window has a concealed push button at hand, oftentimes placed under the counter where he can touch it unobserved. If any one tries to steal any money, the teller can call an officer instantly in this way. The circuit is sometimes arranged to close the bank doors also by an electrically operated mechanism before the thief has time to get to them and escape.—Harper's Weekly.

WHERE RICH MEN ARE FEW.

They Are as Scarce as Black Swans In Bulgaria.

Bulgaria is the nearest approach to a peasant commonwealth which the world has known in modern times. There is not a Bulgarian Slav who is not the owner of a plot of land upon which he lives and out of which he gets his own livelihood by his own labor.

Large landowners are almost unknown. The few men of wealth in the country are mostly of foreign birth or descent, and even they would not be counted as wealthy according to the standard of other European countries.

The small landowners, who form the vast majority of the population, are peasant born and peasant bred. They are extremely thrifty. They are content with very plain food. They wear the same sheepskin garments from year to year, only turning their coats inside out with the changes of the season.

Whole families, even of well to do peasants, sleep in the same room upon mats stretched out on the floor. They live under conditions of dirt and discomfort which no British or German or French laborer would tolerate for a week. Yet, notwithstanding their disregard of the simplest sanitary arrangements, they grow up singularly strong and healthy.

Moreover, they are free from the irritation caused among other laborers, overworked if not underpaid, by the spectacle of neighbors living in affluence and ease without any necessity to curtail their expenditure. Rich men are black swans in Bulgaria. I was told by a foreign banker in Sofia who had traded for many years in the country that he doubted greatly whether there were fifty men in all the rural districts who had net incomes of $5,000 a year.—London Illustrated News.

Faults on Both Sides.

He was a mild and meek kind of husband, but at length his patience and good nature gave out, and he went to his lawyer to get him to draw up a deed of separation from his exasperating better half.

"Ah, well," said the lawyer thoughtfully, "perhaps there may be faults on both sides."

"You're right!" shouted the angry client. "She has a hump on her back and a wart on her nose."—New York Times.

Her Kick.

"I don't mind finding a gray hair or two in my own hair," sighed the bachelor girl, who shows some few signs of the sear and yellow leaf, "but when I pay $3 for a nice bunch of lovely brown curls and have to pick them out of those, too, it isn't fair. Do you think it is?"—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Located.

"Say," queried the would be humorist, "where is that place Atoms that so many people are blown to?"

"It's just the other side of Effigy, the place in which so many people are hanged," answered the solemn person.—Chicago News.

The Right of the Kiss.

Some say kissing is a sin, but if it was na lawful, lawyers would na allow it; if it was na holy, ministers would na do it; if it was na modest, maidens would na take it; if it was na plenty, puir folk would na get it.—Robert Burns.

HER MISTAKE.

The Way It Was Explained to Her by the Clumsy Man.

Owing to the fact that the car lurched suddenly as he was passing along the aisle Bronson was deprived of his balance, with the result that in attempting to save himself from falling he clutched one of the shoulders of a handsome woman who had succeeded in getting a seat. Moreover, he knocked her beautiful hat awry and with great difficulty avoided stepping on her toes. As he succeeded in recovering his equilibrium the lady turned toward him and said:

"You contemptible pup! I wish you to understand that I am not a lamppost or a piece of furniture to be clung to for support. You ought to ride in a cattle train. You have no right to crowd in where you can tear other people to pieces with your big, awkward hands. You pitiful clown! You ought to be thrown out into the street. You are not fit to be allowed to go where you are likely to interfere with the comfort of refined people. You unmannerly bumpkin! You deserve to be"—

"Excuse me, madam," Bronson managed to say, "you have made a mistake."

"A mistake!" the lady demanded, her eyes flashing with wrath. "What do you mean?"

"I am not your husband."—Chicago Record-Herald.

THE CLERMONT.

First Passage by Steamboat From New York to Albany.

In August, 1808—the exact day is a matter of dispute—the steamboat Clermont made the first passage by steam from New York to Albany. The distance, somewhat less than 150 miles, was covered in thirty-two hours, a record hailed as a triumph in speed, for previously the passage between the two cities averaged four days.

Robert Fulton had experimented with steam several years, but the Clermont was the first boat he constructed on a large scale. As he could not get the engine he wanted in this country he ordered one from England. The Clermont was so reconstructed in the following winter that it gave more commodious accommodations to travelers, and the year 1808, which was the first year of regular travel by steamboat, Fulton made it a point to start his boat precisely on scheduled time. Curiously enough, a portion of the public complained of this. It was not until well along in the summer that travelers got accustomed to it. Previously boats had been held for two hours at the request of passengers who weren't ready. Fulton's perseverance won public approval before the season closed.—Anaconda Standard.

Cleared His Doubts.

A well known English gentleman engaged a tall and powerful highlander to act as gamekeeper on his estate. Having been a considerable time at his post and not having caught any poachers, the gentleman suspected his gamekeeper of carelessness. So one dark night he disguised himself and went out with a gun to poach on his own ground. He had fired only one or two shots when he was suddenly pounced upon from behind and his gun wrenched away. Then kicks and blows were showered upon him until he fell down half insensible. The highlander then walked away quietly, and when the gentleman recovered sufficiently he crawled home and took to his bed for two weeks. He has now no doubts as to whether the man can perform his duty or not.

Home, Sweet Home.

The old man sat on the park seat, rivers of tears flooding his clothes. A sympathetic passerby, noting the high tide, stopped and asked if he were ill.

"Yes, sir," said the sorrowing old fellow. "I've jest 'ad bad news from 'ome. The 'ouse that 'as sheltered me for years is to be torn down, and I 'aven't a penny to my name to stop it. Everybody will be turned out, and goodness knows what'll 'appen to 'em!"

"Poor soul!" said the sympathetic passerby, bestowing a penny on the sad old man. "That isn't much, but you are welcome to it. And where is this old home of yours, my friend?"

"Up at the joll, sir," replied the old man. "It seems very hard. I've lived there five and twenty years."—London Opinion.

How to Make a Cup of Cocoa.

Take a tablespoonful of cocoa and put it in a tin cup. Add one teaspoonful of granulated sugar and one tablespoonful of boiling water. Mix well, so that there will not be any lumps of cocoa. Pour a little less than one-half pint of milk into a saucepan and cook it, stirring all the time, until it is scalded—that is, until a film forms on it and it begins to bubble a little. Stir the cocoa mixture into this and cook until it boils up.—Delineator.

Businesslike.

The Beloved One—You object to Horace because he's not businesslike. Stern Parent—Certainly; he's only after you for your money. Beloved One—Well, pa, doesn't that prove he's businesslike?—Kansas City Independent.

Not a Matter of Chance.

The Vicar—Is it true, Samuel, that your father allows games of chance to be played in your house? The Boy—There ain't no chance about it, sir; they all cheats!—London Opinion.

Where there is much pretension much has been borrowed; nature never pretends.—Lavater

Saturday Night Talks

By F. E. DAVISON
Rutland, Vt.

THE VALUE OF LAY PREACHING

Feb. 28, '09—(Acts 8:14-25).

In the original church the idea seemed to be accepted that if any man felt called upon to preach the gospel he had a right to do it. Hence it came about that such men as Stephen the deacon, and Philip the evangelist, men who had never been called to the apostolic college, and set apart by the laying on of hands for this special work, assumed the right, inherent in every man to tell the story, and they did it mightily. In this lesson we see Philip, one of the deacons of the Jerusalem church, going up into Samaria, and starting a revival that swept everything before it, like a prairie fire. His work was just as efficient and just as acceptable as that which was done by the regularly ordained ministry.

Devine Credentials.

In these days, we are apt to look with suspicion upon the ministrations of any man who does not hold the credentials of ecclesiastical orders. A man may be dry as dust, but if he has been through college and theological seminary and had the hands of the presbytery put upon his head, we feel bound to listen to him, while the man who is his mental, physical, and spiritual superior is shut out of our pulpits because, forsooth, he does not carry in his pocket a diploma from Yale or ordination papers from the presbytery. Forgetful of the fact that if the Lord does not send men into the ministry, no canon of the church can shoot them into it, but if He has put His hand on a man's head, he is ordained, though his sacerdotal robe is a leather apron, and his pulpit an anvil.

Not Troops Enough.

We have made the mistake of supposing that this world can be converted by a few ministers. The trouble is not that the Sword of the Spirit is dull. The difficulty is not that the great guns are of too short range to throw the bombshells into the enemy's camp. The trouble is, we have not troops enough to wield the sword of the Spirit, and to man the guns. Victory is promised to the church in the great battle of the ages, but not by distributing titles to the commanding officers, and expecting a few major-generals to go out and capture the foe. One man may chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight, but what is needed is men enough to round up those stampeding forces and bring them into camp. The church is in too many instances carrying on a Peninsula campaign, marching "on to Richmond" and then marching back, its movements characterized by "masterly retreats."

Not enough men for the battle. It is a great farce this work of trying to save the world by a few clergymen. Peter the apostle, needs a striker in the person of Philip the evangelist. Jerusalem must have the gospel, but Samaria must not be neglected. A great central fire must be kindled in the capital city, but the conflagration will be more extensive if contributory flames are kindled in the surrounding country. And anybody that can strike a match can start a fire. There is such a thing as being too profound, and too heavy for the work of evangelism. The United States army has some high officers who are handicapped because they are too heavy to ride a horse. So there are men in the ministry more concerned about their grammar than the souls of their congregation, more interested in getting the right kind of sermon paper than in getting men right with God. Their sentences are Miltonic, they make their hearers stare but never repent. They read essays on the art of swimming to drowning men, they talk learnedly of fire escapes to those who are far out of reach of the ladders.

Pulpit Dreadnoughts.

You would not think of sending the Dreadnought up a mountain stream. These men are pulpit Dreadnoughts; they "draw too much water" to get into some of the places where Phillip can paddle his canoe and come back having whipped the stream clean. We do not need fewer great guns, but a great host of sharpshooters. Not less parchments from the seminaries, but more leaves of healing among the nations. Not fewer church pulpits, but more street corner altars. Not a reduction of Major-Generals but a vast increase of privates. Not a retrenchment in great battleships but an amplification of torpedo boats. Not a subsidence of continental operations but an expansion of town, county and state movements. Phil Sheridan's raid in the Shenandoah is just as important as Sherman's march to the sea. Let not magnificent cathedral look down on the back alley mission. Religion will never make conquest of the world until consecrated laymen, plumbers, and masons, and carpenters, and printers throttle the sins of their own trades. The church has been working the pumps of a few ministerial cisterns until the buckets are dry, while all around us are fountains of living waters from which may be dipped up the cool, sweet water of life. Let all hands lay hold, and carry this refreshing water to the dying multitudes.

A Life Hung on a Thread.

[Original.]

A good many years ago, when Indian fighting was the chief occupation of our then diminutive army, I was serving in the —th cavalry at a western post. We had a man in the ranks who had been brought up by refined and wealthy parents, but who was a perfect devil. Egbert Carrol was the name he enlisted under, and I believe it was his real name. The only trouble with him was that he was too full of fight. One would suppose that a soldier can't have too much fight in him, and so he can't when there is an enemy to contend with, but when there isn't he is liable to turn upon his friends. Carrol was in Captain Cavanagh's company, a man full of Irish blood, and that means full of Irish fight. We called him the "black god of war." The result was that when Carrol committed some slight indiscretion his captain, to speak figuratively, "put the screws on." This made Carrol rebellions, with the result of more discipline, till at last he mutinied and struck his captain. He was put in the guardhouse to await trial, but one dark night he escaped and disappeared.

It was not long after this that we had a brush with the Indians. We were getting the better of them when one of their number led them on a savage charge which for a time broke through our lines. I never saw such savage Indian fighting under so savage a leader. It was only a question of time with them, however, for we outnumbered them and were better armed and equipped. We took a lot of prisoners, among them their leader. Who should he be but Egbert Carrol!

Of course there was but one fate for him. A court martial was convened; he was tried and sentenced to be shot. The proceedings were forwarded to Washington, where they were approved by the president. The day having been fixed, there was nothing to do but wait for it to come round and carry out the sentence. But there was some sympathy for the condemned man. First, the commandant of the post believed there was not only stuff in him for a soldier, but a leader, which had been turned away by his captain, who had never learned to control himself, to say nothing of controlling others. Then the women of the post all took to him because he was a gentleman born. The men of his company partially excused him because many of them had suffered as he had from their captain's ungovernable temper. Lastly and most important, his family interested themselves to secure a pardon.

One day the colonel commanding a post some 200 miles eastward of the one where Carrol was held a prisoner received an order reprieving the renegade. Selecting a good rider, the colonel gave him the president's order and told him to ride with it posthaste. But in the army there are many officers who would scorn to communicate the contents of an order to a private. The colonel was one of these. He sent his messenger away without any knowledge that a life hung on its prompt delivery. Two days after the messenger departed he returned to the man who sent him, confessing that he had stopped by the way to drink with some soldiers and had lost the order. He had returned for a duplicate.

The colonel blanched. "You scoundrel!" he roared. "You carried Carrol's reprieve. No power can repair the damage you have done. Before another message can be sent he will have been executed."

Now, it happened that I had been sent with a party to relieve the garrison of the station where the messenger had stopped, and it was with some of our men that the messenger drank and lost his order. He did not miss it till he had left the station and ridden some distance. Then he returned, hunted high and low for it and, not finding it, returned for its duplicate.

The day after the loss of the order I went to inspect a gang of men who were doing some work I was in charge of. While walking along the road I saw a dog chasing a bit of white paper which the breeze whirled before him. As the paper was blown past me I picked it up, held it over the dog and let it go again in the wind. The dog caught it and brought it to me for more play. It was then that I saw the word "Washington" printed on it. I read it and knew that it was Carrol's reprieve.

Within ten minutes I was mounted on the best horse at the station and riding to save a life. So much time had been lost in its transmission that I knew it was an even chance whether I arrived in time or not. I rode my horse to a finish in a few hours, secured another, exhausted him in about the same time and repeated the process as often as I could find horses.

I knew the day that Carrol was to be executed, but not the hour. It is singular that a soldier will drive the men under him up to be shot down unmercifully, but when under other circumstances one life is dependent on his efforts he will labor under a frightful burden.

At last I came in sight of the flag waving over the tops of some trees several miles in advance of me. Then every minute I dreaded lest I hear a volley. My horse was exhausted, and I feared every moment he would drop under me. He did so when within a quarter of a mile of the post. I ran on, waving the order above my head. A sentry saw it, guessed what it was and must have called out to those below, for I heard a cheer. Then I knew I was in time.

Carrol was killed during the civil war, having gained the reputation of being one of the daredevils of the Union army.

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THE COLUMBIAN.
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1909.

The Poultry Yard.

Kerosene is our standard remedy for mites.

When lice come into the hen house profit goes out.

Have your incubator stand level. Then it will heat evenly.

Keep the temperature of the egg chamber at 103° until the chicks begin to hatch, then run up to 105°.

It costs more to keep a poor hen than it does a good one. More worry, more vexation, more dissatisfaction.

About the first thing you had better do when there is anything the matter with your hens is to look for lice.

Apply kerosene to the roosts with a cloth or swab every two weeks during warm weather to kill the red spider lice.

Respect the hen. she may cackle foolishly sometimes, but she adds much to the comfort and prosperity of the farm home.

Keep the poultry house clean and neat and your efforts will be amply rewarded by the egg basket and kind words from your friends.

Test the eggs on the seventh day, and remove the infertiles, also those containing dead germs. Test again on the fourteenth day and remove all but those holding live chicks.

After the chicks are three weeks old, there is very little danger of overfeeding. Then, if other conditions are right, the more they eat of a variety of feed, the faster they grow.

Next to pure air, water is the cheapest thing we can supply our poultry. Do not forget that it must be given in order to get eggs. Reduce the quantity and the egg yield will go with it. From March Farm Journal.

This Is An Easy Test.

Sprinkle Allen's Foot-Ease in one shoe and not in the other, and notice the difference. Just the thing to use when rubbers or overshoes become necessary, and your shoes seem to pinch. Sold Everywhere, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. 2-18-4t.

Nothing Better Than Work.

Recently a man wrote to the New York Times that he was a little more than fifty years of age, and having worked all his life to acquire enough money to make him independent, and having succeeded, he had retired, and was now trying to make himself happy with nothing to do. He passed five hours a day in reading, three hours in exercise and eating, which left him eight hours, which he found it hard to dispose of. His letter was in the nature of a lament. His bubble had burst. What he had dreamed of being able to do all his life had come true, and was an empty vanity.

Foolish man! The independence that money brings with it is the least of all our independencies. From March Farm Journal.

Finest Rug in the World.

Gift to the United States Said to Be Worth Over $50,000.

A rug said to be worth more than $50,000 and claimed to be the finest in the world was presented to the White House as a gift to the nation and was accepted by President Roosevelt. It will be placed in the parlors of the president's home. The donor was H. H. Tokakyan, a rich Armenian of New York city. The rug is six and a half feet long and four and a half feet wide, is of imperial silk, heavily jeweled with rich pearls, turquois, rubies and other Oriental tones.

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address:

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and if you get it you will have a remedy for coughs that will be satisfactory in every respect. If you accept something else we do not know what you will get, but it will not be the Best Cough Cure.
At all druggists', 25c., 50c. and $1.
Don't accept anything else.

A Deservedly Successful Magazine

Lippincott's for March is as fresh and vigorous as the month's bracing winds. More than half its substantial bulk is given up to the complete novel—"A Knight Errant in Broadway," by Rupert Sargent Holland, whose book, "The Count at Harvard," was well received a couple years ago. Mr. Holland takes as his theme the career of a rather commonplace and not particularly scrupulous young man who comes to New York from a small country town to seek his fortune. He finds "Tenderloin" life fascinating, and as he is in the employ of a rascally lawyer, he is rapidly succumbing to the evil influences which surround him when a young girl comes into his life—a young girl who is sweet and pure. Somehow his old associates begin to seem tawdry to him, his better nature asserts itself, and in the end he proves his manhood and his entire worthiness to wed the charming Rhoda. The transactions of the crooked lawyer and the still more crooked "promoter" throw an interesting side-light on one phase of life in the modern Gotham. Despite the vigilance of the post office authorities, it is safe to say that there are still numerous enterprises as dubious as the "National Non-Reliable Bottle Company," and there probably always will be so long as there are people gullible enough to put their money into get-rich-quick schemes about which they have authoritative information.

There are some wonderfully fine short stories in this number. "As Played by the Orchestra," by Marion Hill. It deals with a troupe of playerfolk doing "one-night stands" about the country. "Being Nice," by Dorothea Deakin, is a delightful story of a prankish girl. "For the sake of the Kid," by Theodore Waters, has to do with the "lower five" of beggardom. "The Tree, the Rope and the Man," by Will Levington Comfort, is a dramatic tale of the West. "Miss Tooker's Wedding Gift," by John Kendrick Bangs, is a sprightly story which incidently reveals some unique publishing methods. "The Garden of Forgotten Things," by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, is a charming sketch, and the same might be said of "Kiss money," by Bolton Hall. "The Nerve of Joe," by J. C. Lawless, is another good story.

Among the contributions not fictional is "A Plea for Less Coal," by George Ethelbert Walsh. Herman Scheffauer pays his respects to "The Comic Supplement," handing it some hard digs; George L. Knapp writes on "Get Rid of Your Illusions," and a writer who signs himself J. B. E. as his theme, "Is Present Day Fiction Quite Ephemeral? A brief sketch called "Trees," by Thomas L. Mason, adds humor to the number.

There are some excellent poetry, and some sparkling epigrams. To "top off with," there is "Walnuts and Wine," the famous humorous department.

More Go Than Come.

Emigration of Aliens in 1908 Exceeded Immigration.

The inward and outward movement of aliens for the year ending with November 1908, indicates that the emigration has been greater than the immigration. The figures are: Total arrivals, 573,281; total departures, 644,452. To this number of emigrants should be added the unknown number of naturalized citizens, who, during that period, have left the United States for permanent residence abroad.

During January, 1909, as compared with January, 1908, the immigration from Austria increased 4428; from Hungary 7913, and from Italy 4905. From Russia and Finland there was a decrease of 959, and from Japan a decrease of 768. The immigration of Chinese increased 50.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Woman's Home Companion for March.

The March *Woman's Home Companion* carries out the publishers' promise of a bigger and better magazine in 1909. It is a large, handsome issue, full of human interest, and attractive in every way.

A discussion of "What the Emmanuel Movement Really Is" begins in this issue. The importance of the subject and the standing of the writers make this article one of particular interest. Walter Prichard Eaton contributes an article on the higher phase of acting, pointing out, with a sure hand, the greatest of our actresses and telling why they are so. Alexander Dana Noyes, Financial Editor of the New York *Evening Post*, has something very important to say about women's investments. There are a number of valuable articles on subjects of peculiar interest to women.

The March issue is a special spring fashion issue announcing the advanced spring styles. Princess gowns, small hats and dainty shoes seem to be the leading notes. A most interesting feature is a discussion of the colors and styles suitable to blondes and brunettes, tall women and short women, stout women and slim.

The stories are many and good, Irving Bacheller, Grace S. Richmond, Ada T. Drake, Mary Heaton Vorse, Florence Morse Kingsley and Hulbert Fortner contributing fiction of a very high order.

In addition to an exceptionally handsome cover design by C. Allan Gilbert there are one hundred and fifty illustrations in this number, several in color. John Cecil Clay, Alice Barber Stephens and James Montgomery Flagg are among the illustrators.

Good Old-Fashioned Dishes.

In the Woman's Home Companion for March, Fannie Merritt Farmer gives some tried recipes for old-fashioned goodies.

For Corn-Meal Crisps, pour slowly one cupful of boiling water onto seven eighths of a cupful of granulated yellow corn meal. Stir until perfectly smooth, and add two and one half tablespoonfuls of melted butter and one half teaspoonful of salt. Spread as thinly and uniformly as possible (using a long broad-bladed knife) on a generously buttered inverted dripping pan. Bake in a moderate oven until well browned, and cut at once into three-inch squares. It is absolutely necessary that the water used in the preparation of these crisps should be poured from a tea kettle of boiling water.

For Southern Spoon Corn Bread, pour two and one half cupfuls of fine white corn meal. Cover, and let stand until cool; then add one and one half tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one and one half teaspoonfuls of salt, the unbeaten yolks of two eggs and one and one half cupfuls of buttermilk mixed with one teaspoonful of soda. Beat thoroughly, and add the whites of two eggs beaten until stiff. Pour into a well buttered pudding dish, and bake in a moderate oven from forty to forty-five minutes. Serve by spoonfuls and accompany with butter.

For those who have supper at night Sally-Lun Tea Cakes are always popular. They taste just as good for a breakfast or luncheon bread to us who have dinner at night, and therefore do not need to plan for supper dishes. Put two tablespoonfuls of butter, two tablespoonful of salt in a bowl, and pour on one cupful of scalded milk. When lukewarm add one half yeast cake dissolved in two tablespoonfuls of luke warm water, three well-beaten eggs and enough bread flour (once sifted) to make a stift batter, the amount required being about two and one fourth cupfuls. Cover, and let rise until very light. Pour into buttered tin or tins, again let rise, and bake in a hot oven. This mixture may be baked in a sheet, in muffin rings or in iron gem pans.

Bloomsburg Souvenir Books, 48 half tone pictures, 25 cents, at the COLUMBIAN office. tf.

WILL TAKE A VACATION.

James Magee will sail on Saturday for a four weeks' trip to the West Indies, Panama, Venezuela, Jamaica and Cuba. This is the first vacation this busy man has taken in four years, when he spent several months in Europe. His many friends wish him a pleasant journey, and a safe return.

RED STAR STAMP STORE CLOSED.

Sheriff Ent has levied upon the stock of the Red Star Stamp Store in the Hartman building, and the place is locked up. The levy was made on a writ issued by C. C. Peacock, trustee for creditors of R E. Hartman, and was based upon the non-payment of rent, the amount due being $220.

Very few of the stores are handling the stamps, and it is likely that those who have books partly filled can keep them for souvenirs.

The Peruna Almanac.

The druggists have already been supplied with the Peruna almanac for 1909. In addition to the regular astronomical matter usually furnished in almanacs, the articles on astrology are very attractive to most people. The mental characteristics of each sign are given with faithful accuracy. A list of lucky and unlucky days will be furnished to those who have our almanacs, free of charge. Address the Peruna Co., Columbus, O. 4t.

Mr. J. Ralston Ashleman, of Benton, and Miss Trellie C. Ash, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Pierce W. Ash, of Fishingcreek, were united in holy wedlock by Rev. A. Houtz, at the Reformed personage of Orangeville, on Feb. 24. The bride and groom expect to reside in Benton.

INSTRUCTION IN MUSIC.

Chas. P. Elwell announces that he will be pleased to receive all former pupils on violin and pianoforte, as well as new ones. Latest and best methods.

Terms strictly cash by the lesson or month. Address Hotel Hidlay, Bloomsburg, or call up on Bell 'phone any afternoon between 1 and 2. tf

Old-Time Shoestring.

In the old days we made strings of calf-skin. Every farmer was an expert.

We should cut a disc of leather three or four inches in diameter, stick the point of a sharp knifeblade in a board, place the thumb nail the thickness of a match from it, and quickly draw the string through the opening, the perimeter being reduced the thickness of a match at every measure of the circumference. Pretty work! Then the square string was rolled between the sole of the shoe and the floor till perfectly round, after which it was greased with tallow.

Such a lace would last for months, but their shine soon wears off, giving them a much worn appearance.

Substitute for Irrigation.

An Italian scientist has invented a novel substitute for irrigation. He uses the fruit of the Barbary nopal, a fig tree which bears figs that are excellent reservoirs of moisture. In the spring the scientist digs a ditch about the foot of the tree he desires to protect from the coming drought and this ditch is filled with figs cut into thick pieces. A dense layer is made and beaten down. The mucilaginous pulp, covered with earth, stores up much moisture, which it gives off gradually, watering the tree sometimes for as long a period as four months.

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The regular subscription price of the two papers is $2.00. tf.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of a writ of Fieri Facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Columbia County, Pennsylvania, and to me directed, there will be sold at public sale at the Court House in the Sheriff's Office in the Town of Bloomsburg, county and state aforesaid, on

SATURDAY, MARCH 13th, 1909,
at 2 o'clock P. M.,

the following described real estate: All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land lying and being situate in the Township of Briarcreek, Columbia County, Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning at a point on the Northerly side of the Berwick and Bloomsburg Road, on the Southeasterly corner of lot of Charles M. Hess; thence along said road in an Easterly direction fifty-five (55) feet; thence North Four degrees fifteen minutes West one hundred and ninety (190) feet to a sixteen (16) foot alley; thence South eighty-eight degrees forty-five minutes West fifty (55) feet to land of Charles E. Hess; thence South four degrees fifteen minutes East along line of lot of said Charles M. Hess, one hundred and ninety (190) feet to the place of beginning. Containing——— square feet. Same being lot No. 4 in lots of William Ash, Having thereon erected a two and one-halt

FRAME DWELLING HOUSE.

Being the same premises which S. P. Boston, by his deed dated Sept, 1, 1905, sold to Stanley N. Whitmire, as by reference in the Register and Recorder's Office in Deed Book 77, page 314.

Seized, taken in execution at the suit of the State Capital Savings and Loan Association of Harrisburg, Pa. vs. Stanley N. Whitmire, and to be sold as the property of Stanley N. Whitmire.

CHARLES B. ENT, Sheriff.
Swartz & Jackson, Attorneys.
2-18.

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